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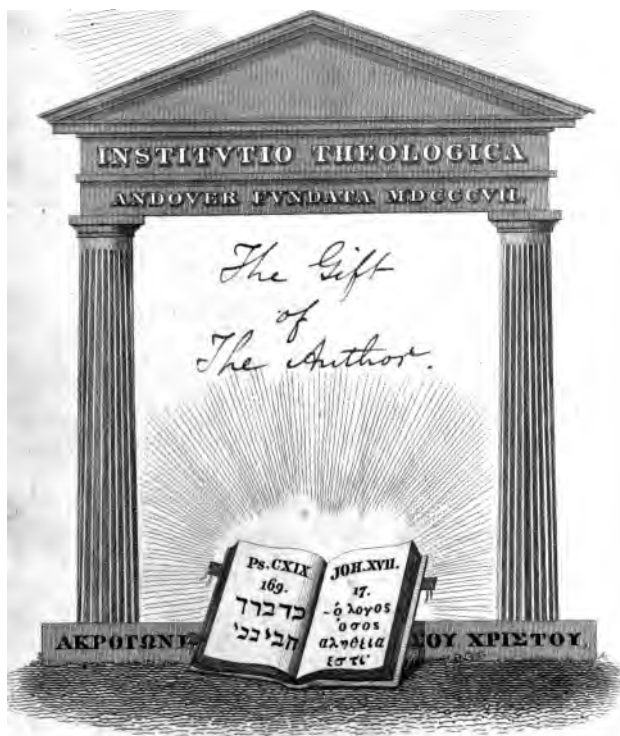


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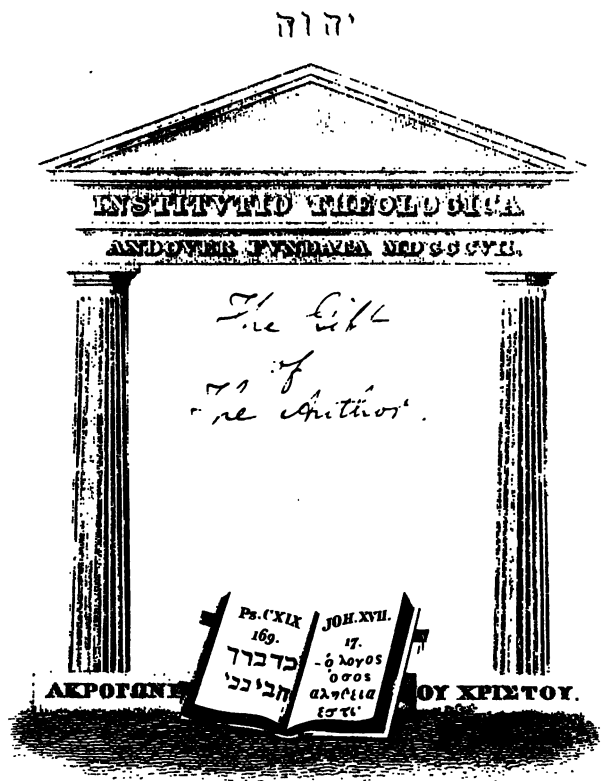
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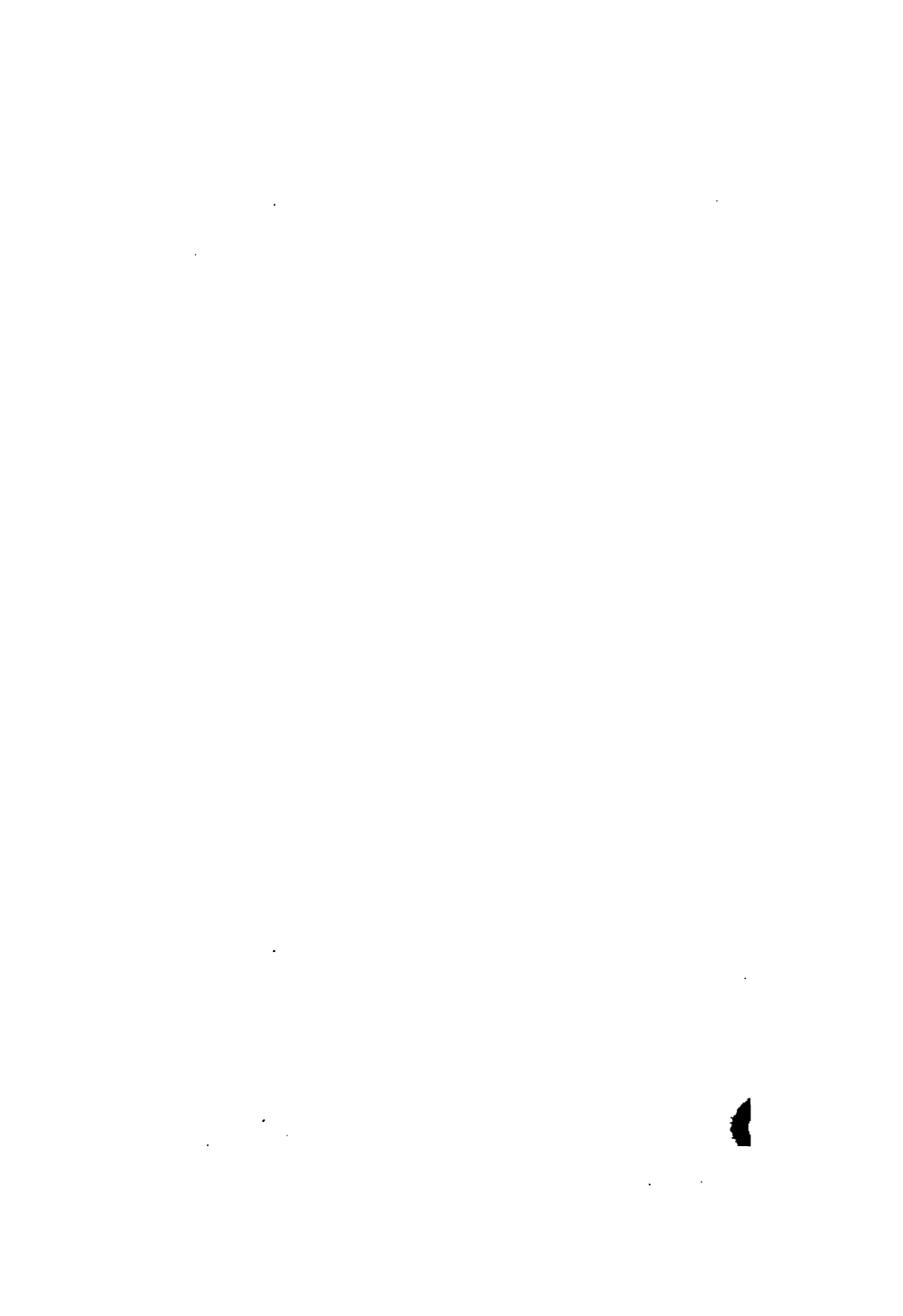


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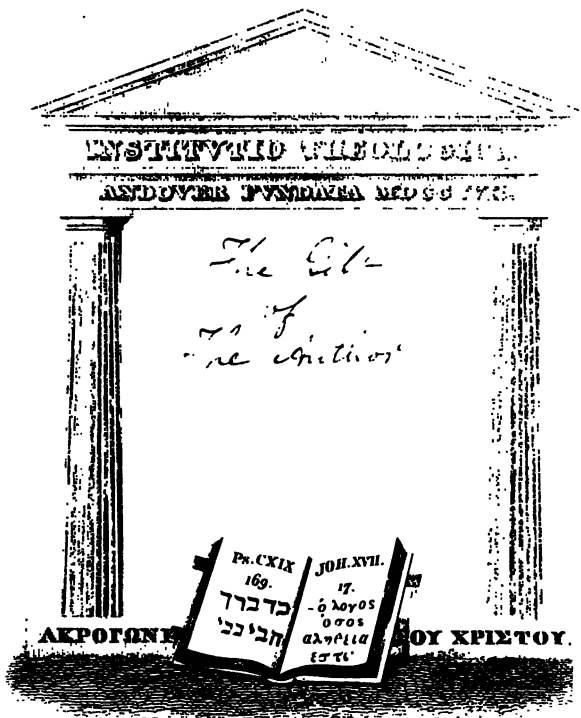
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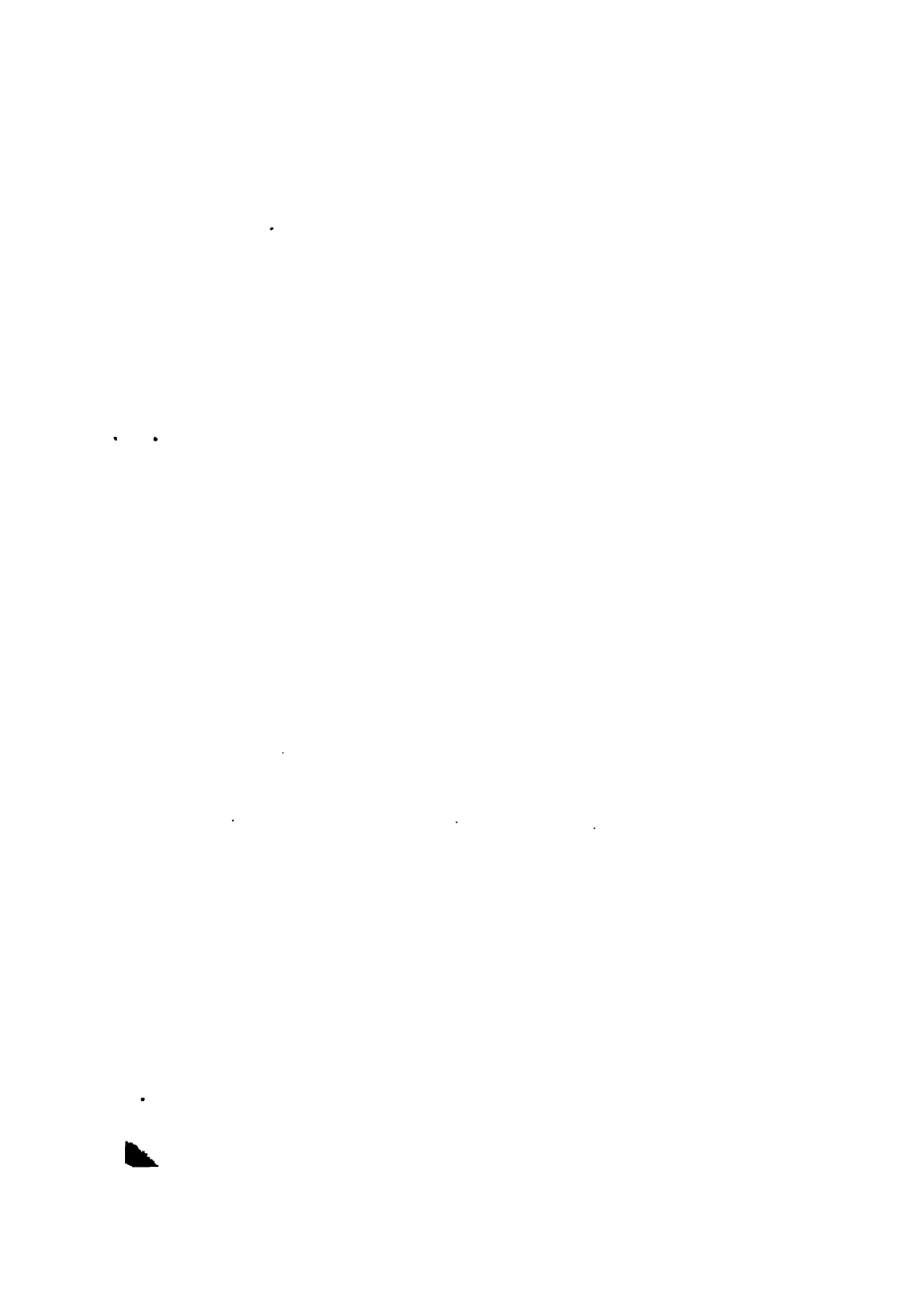


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LIFE
OF
WILLIAM EUGENE HARWARD,

BY

REV. FRANK E. CLARK.

*"Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least."*

—Wordsworth.

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TO
HIS MOTHER,
UPON WHOM THE EYES OF
WILLIAM EUGENE BARWARD
EVER AFFECTIONATELY LINGERED, FROM THE DAY WHEN HE
Opened them in the cradle
UNTIL THE DAY WHEN WITH HER OWN HANDS
She closed them in death,
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE longest lives and those that occupy the most prominent place in the public eye, are not always the ones whose narration affords the most interest and help to the average reader.

Of the intellectual or moral giants, whose biographies are most frequently written, it is difficult to feel that they were real men tempted in all points like as we. Their very pre-eminence discourages emulation.

The short life of the young business man, soldier, traveler, artist, whose story this book tells, while not devoid of stirring incident, nor unactuated by the highest aims, appeals directly to the common, everyday life of every reader. It shows us a healthful, earnest Christian life, untainted by the least suspicion of whining cant. It shows us that to be fervent in spirit is not to be slothful in business; that "to be saintly toward the heaven is


not to be sickly toward the earth." It shows us that cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit are still possible when, in young manhood, life's plans and high hopes are all dashed, and the rapid progress of a cruel disease indicates the near and certain end of all earthly concerns.

It is said that when Addison was on his death-bed, he called his friends about him, saying to them, "See now how a Christian can die."

It is easy to utter at the last moment sounding phrases for posterity to treasure up; it is a much more difficult thing to say, as the story of this life says: "See how a Christian can live" in adversity, sorrow, and sickness, as well as in prosperity.

We are aware that this book will be of most interest to the immediate friends and acquaintances, who will prize it as a memorial of one they sincerely loved, but, at the same time, we believe it will not prove uninteresting to many who never before heard the name of WM. E. HARWARD.

Any merits which it may possess arise from the fact that it is made up largely of records left behind by him whom it commemorates; yet nothing is inserted here simply because he wrote it, but, in every case, because the elegance and simplicity of the style, and the general interest of the subject-matter, renders it worthy of a more permanent



shape than the manuscript pages of a private journal.

The arrangement of these materials has been the pleasant occupation of many leisure minutes snatched from a busy pastorate, and the little work is now given to the public with the confident expectation that it will be welcomed by a host of his loving friends, by his old time comrades in the noble regiment whose history it recites, and also that for many sad ones, as well as for many joyous ones, it may do something toward solving the secret of a happy life.

CHAPTER II.


HIS LIFE.

WILLIAM EUGENE HARWARD—born in Portland, Maine, May 26, 1839; died in Portland, Feb. 21, 1874. Such are the dates which tell of a life begun and ended in the same place, within the short space of less than thirty-five years.

But though its opening and closing years were spent amid the same scenes, and though the friends of boyhood continued to be the friends of maturer life, yet by no means all of the intervening years were spent in the city of his birth, nor is this record humdrum and common place.

When he was fifteen years of age, his most estimable father, who was a sea captain, sailing between this country and England, died, and was buried far away from home, in the "All Saints Poplar" cemetery near London.

Perhaps there is no better place than here at the beginning of this brief memoir, to say a word about the nearest relatives, whose influence upon this



young life must have made it in great part what it was.

Of the family of six persons, father, mother, two sons, and two daughters, only the widowed mother remains ; but for those who know her well it is not difficult to see where young Harward obtained the cheerful, sunny temperament for which he was so much beloved, and by reason of which, pre-eminently, his memory is held in such high esteem. The writer judges from a deep intimate acquaintance with her of whom he speaks and knows, that the cares and sorrows of a lifetime have written no wrinkles on her soul, and that even the unspeakable griefs, which few have experienced, of seeing one of her children after another follow their father to the grave, have developed no sharpness or acidity in a disposition always calm, equable, and happy.

One son of the family died at the age of eight—the first break in this happy circle—and the remembrance of an angel brother in the skies doubtless had something to do with the pure and heavenward-looking life of him whose story this book tells. In 1862 the eldest sister Etta followed the father and little brother upon their long journey. The influence of this sister upon her brother William's life was very marked. We will let him describe her as the record appears in his journal, feeling assured that this short account of her quiet, saint-like life

will interest the reader scarcely less than the story of his own stirring, active days.

I have just finished reading Etta's journal ; he writes, it is full of beautiful, religious sentiment, poetry and romance, and is a history of her daily life of pain and pleasure.

There was not a day of her life that she did not suffer pain. She lived for years with death staring her in the face, and yet I doubt if there was in the city of Portland a young lady with so many warm friends, or one who had more true admirers.

She was all sunshine and joy, and exerted an influence for good upon all who came in contact with her, that was surprising. She died with perfect love and trust in Christ, and what is remarkable, with almost perfect trust in her fellow-creatures.

I find the following in her journal under date of Sept. 2d, 1855: "Last night I had a dream so singular. I cannot drive it from my thoughts. I was standing before a window watching the black, drifting clouds, when suddenly the moon appeared under them and floated swiftly through the heavens. The face on it looked very plain, and as I still looked, a glory seemed to be about it, and the face of Christ appeared.

"The halo around the head was so bright that the clouds all vanished before it, and left the whole sky one immense expanse of bright amber color,—something like the golden of a summer sunset, only far more glorious,—and in my dream I turned away, awe-struck,

and glanced around the room. There, at the further extremity of the room, behind the drapery of the curtains, as I looked, Christ appeared. He looked as I have seen him in pictures,—flowing robes, long, wavy hair, and that soft, spiritual light about him. He held out his hand to me, and I ran forward to take it, but feeling my own unworthiness, I hesitated. But he still smiled upon me so pleasantly that, as he drew nearer, I took it. Oh, the deep happiness of that moment! I felt overpowered, and exclaimed, only think of my being permitted to take the hand of my Saviour!

“I felt, as I stood there before him, that he had the power to tell me everything, and with a quick, wild manner, I begged to know if I should ever get well.

“A half sad look was on his face as he said, ‘Never!’ Never, I echoed, the blessing of health? ‘Not here on earth,’ and as he said these words his voice was so low and sweet that they sounded not harsh and cruel. ‘I shall take you, before long, away,’ he added. How soon? I asked eagerly, for I felt happy in the thought of never leaving him again. ‘Four or five years,’ he answered. I wished it had been as many months, instead of years, and again I took his hand, feeling that deep happiness I did before, and he smiled upon me.

“All this passed away and I knew it was a dream, yet had it not some meaning? The influence has not left me yet, and I love Christ so much more than I ever did before. I *know* now that he is ever kind and orders all things for the best.

"I have no doubts now. I know, when he takes me home, I shall see things in a still clearer light. Oh, the way he looked upon me, and the blissful feeling as I held his hand! I feel that he was with me that night, and I never shall forget it.

"June, 1857. A strange, sweet feeling comes over me, mingled with my old, uneasy longing, a feeling as if in this pleasant place, with only the voice of the wind among the leaves—God's breath—I might become better, communing more with spiritual things. Sweet passages of poetry come to my mind, pictures of lovely places I have been in, friends in whose presence I have passed such happy hours are before me now. I look up through the cool, green foliage, and strange old fancies come over me. I feel as if I was dying and the world was going, leaving around me only those things I most love. Oh, what a strange charm there is in reading of young people's dying! As some one has said, 'It is so beautiful to go fresh from one world into the other;' and when I read of the young fading away till God takes them home, I always feel as if it was my fate. Oh, there is something vastly beautiful and glorious in early death, in going away before you have lost your faith in the world! Leaving everything bright here, we go away into the brighter glory of heaven.

"Life is earnest; I am not impatient for it to pass quickly, yet the time will come—ah, I feel it so plainly—when I shall cease to yearn for something unattainable, when I shall not have to talk and act so different from

what I feel. Oh glorious future, shed thy light around me, so that I shall not see the shadows of the present !

“Dear Heavenly Father, make me thine own child. Oh take me and keep me in the shadow of thy love, that I may grow pure every day, and my heart larger for love to all my fellow-creatures.

“Let me so live that, in keeping heaven always in sight, I may cease to trouble about worldly disappointments.”

These extracts full plainly show the animus of the sweet young life which was quenched after nearly twenty years of pain, and it is not difficult to imagine what a beneficent effect the influence of such a sister living, and the remembrance of her dead, must have had upon the brother who so loved her.

But one other member of the family remains to be mentioned—the younger sister Annie. She was taken home to join those gone before, on the 11th of August, 1873. She seems to have been blessed with the same lovely disposition and sweet temper possessed by the other members of the family. Her brother says of her, writing a few days after her death :

Annie was a girl of remarkable amiability. She was good by nature. If she had any evil tendencies, she must have kept them thoroughly out of sight, and must

have conquered them with but little effort. If she had any soul troubles, she kept them to herself, and never cared to talk much about them. She would only refer to her own sickness when absolutely obliged to. She was one of those few women who excited in her own sex that strong love and devotion which they often give to men but seldom to each other.

Such were the dearest ones who constantly surrounded young Harward from his boyhood up. With such a mother and such sisters, small is the wonder that he developed into a cheerful, symmetrical, unruffled Christian character.

But to return to the subject of our sketch himself. After leaving school he made up his mind to lead a mercantile life, and soon obtained a situation in a store in Portland, but with his natural impetuosity and zeal, he worked too hard, and very soon was obliged by ill health to leave his business for several months. From this time, early in the year 1857, until the outbreak of the war, he was employed for short periods in various stores in Portland and New York city; and we will let one who knew him well during all these years tell the story of his youth and early manhood.

He was an intimate friend of mine at the time when we were both fourteen to eighteen years old, although we had been acquainted from early childhood, when

we both went together to the church and Sunday school of the old Third Parish.

The most marked feature of his character, as I remember him now, was his constant good humor and cheerfulness. I believe I never saw him *enraged* nor even sulky. When anything happened to displease him he would laugh at and ridicule it, but would never show anger as the most of us do.

He was a great admirer of young ladies, but I do not recollect that he ever put his affections upon anyone in particular, nor flirted and did silly things, nor least of all, trifled with any woman's affections. It is gratifying too to recall the fact that he was remarkably pure-minded; being in this respect very far beyond the majority of young men.

Prof. Edward S. Morse was also an intimate friend of both of us. We were so often together when boys, that we called ourselves "the trio." We made many rambles by the seaside, under Morse's direction, in search of shells, and all three of us gathered good collections of the land, fresh water, and marine shells, common in our vicinity. Morse was the leading spirit in this, but Harward's nature was just the kind to be impressed by Morse's enthusiasm, and I believe he never lost entirely his love for shells, as did the most of Morse's playmates.

Harward was a very energetic fellow and enthusiastic too, so when he started any project, he was apt to push it to its end. I recollect the evening he joined the Turnverein. Stoeppel, the leader, kept telling him

to be more moderate, but it made no difference ; Harward wanted to go ahead and do everything, no matter if it did make him lame. He was a good gymnast for those days. He had a great love for the grand, and was always ready to go over to the light-house during a storm, to see the waves. One August we three boys went over and got caught in the rain. Being wet, we cared nothing for the salt water, and so amused ourselves by letting the spray fall on us. From this we ventured down to see how much of the wave it was safe to let break upon us. Harward entered into this sport or danger with unbounded enthusiasm, nor did paddling home in rain and mud seem to trouble him. We were then about fifteen years old.

I remember another incident that showed his character well, and which Morse and I talked over with Harward when he was on his death-bed, and the memory of it gave him the greatest delight. His mother had just moved into her new house on State street, and there were some empty hogsheads which we rolled around the yard with our feet, each boy on top of a hogshead. This being too simple, Morse and Harward devised all manner of variations, such as rolling the casks uphill, over bricks and backwards. Mastering these, we built an elevated railroad, six to ten feet high, of boxes and joist, and this also being too simple, we piled on obstructions and made one rail uphill and the opposite one downhill ; one rail stiff and the other limber ; we then went over the whole route backwards, put rocks in the hogshead, and I hardly know

what senseless thing we didn't do—fortunately none of us fell, though the feat was certainly difficult and dangerous.

Harward was as fond of boating as boys usually are. We often went shell hunting, and I remember he took to the hard work of boating with more zeal than most young men show. It was in Sept., 1858, when Harward was nineteen years old, that "the trio" went down the bay on an excursion, which we have told over to one another a hundred times since. We had a comrade with us named Whitman, who was at that time a midshipman in the Navy, and who since has written a work on the Patent Laws. Our boat was a little fifteen-foot thing used as a tender for a yacht. Having a sail to it, we voted that we would sail the craft instead of row it. It was blowing a furious north-wester, and well do I remember how the waves rolled and combed over as we ploughed through them on our way out of the harbor. I am sure, too, none of us ever went on a more perilous voyage, nor sailed into danger with such perfect indifference and ignorance. I was captain, and what I lacked in knowledge I certainly possessed in conceit. Morse rather hated such scrapes, but he couldn't see that this was any more dangerous than usual. Whitman wrapped himself in an old coat, and put on the air of an old salt, as he was bound to do. Harward afterward confessed that he knew it was rough, but he thought I was a cautious fellow, and he wasn't going to back out anyhow. We started for Clapboard Island, seven miles away, but we soon saw

that the boat was so light and small that we could not lay near enough to the wind to fetch it, and I suggested that we should go to Diamond Cove instead, and to this all the others agreed. When well out of the harbor, and where the wind had full sweep through the main channel, across which we were sailing, the danger was seen by each one, but each one also felt it cowardly to confess it, and so we went on. Every plunge of the boat into the waves sent a sheet of spray and water into our craft, but we got across the channel without swamping, thanks to an overruling Providence. I then saw that we should soon run upon Peaks Island, and not knowing how to prevent it, I suggested going ashore there; consequently, our semi-shipwreck upon the north-west beach appeared to be the proper thing to the others. It is hard to believe that we were ever so careless, but after rowing and sailing nearly down to Diamond Cove, and having only half a mile more to pull, we all preferred to run out into Hussey's Sound, and try to beat up against the wind, than to row any more. It was a great deal rougher in the sound than it had been in the channel; the waves came rolling along one after the other, the tops combed over and were blown into spray by the furious nor'-wester. Hardly a sea was mounted but some of it came aboard. We kept our fears to ourselves, each one thinking he was the only one aboard who was frightened, and so we went over the sound, pulled about and sailed back, swashing and dashing into every sea, and having at last to take in sail and pull to the cove.

I have told this long story because it helped more than any one thing to strengthen our friendship for each other. I think he knew, better than any of us, what a danger we were in, and his trusting in me from first to last was something I appreciated then and always since. We none of us suggested *sailing* back, all rowed with a will, and got home well tired and blistered.

While down that day, we pulled over to the little rock called Crow Island, and chased and caught the sheep that were pastured there. We also cornered the leader of the flock,—a fine large ram,—on the edge of the precipice, and as we drew in on him, he jumped off the ledge, and rolled over lifeless on the rocks below. Therefore, like boys, we scampered for our boat, and were pushing off, when it was suggested that a surer way out of the scrape would be to find the owner and pay damages. It was characteristic of Harward that he readily agreed to this, and that we ought to see if the ram was dead, or only wounded, and not leave him to linger in agony. We went back and found him only “cast.” Once on his feet he bounded off as if nothing had happened.

We need not dwell upon the years that immediately follow. His own account of his travels, his war experience, and his letters which this book records, tell their story as no other pen can.

In 1866 he was married to Miss Julia W. Starr,

of Brooklyn, but this union, though very happy, was not destined to be a long one, for on the 9th of September, 1869, her young life returned to God who gave it.

Early in the next year he set sail for Europe, where he spent fifteen months, studying music and painting. A toilsome and adventurous climb to the top of mount Vesuvius brought on a hemorrhage of the lungs, which before this time must have been partially diseased, and from this moment his health was never good. Forbidden by his physicians to return home at once, he remained in Rome for some months, assiduously visiting the galleries and works of art, until the following spring, when he sailed for home.

For nearly four years more he lived, and during those years of sickness, disappointed ambition, and blighted hopes, the plant which had been so long maturing was crowned and completed by the rare blossom of cheerful resignation and contented, unpretentious saintliness. The breaking down of his health was very gradual, but none the less hard to bear on this account..

On his first return from Europe, he gave himself to his loved easel, having a studio in New York city. Many of the pictures there produced were exceedingly creditable and commanded a price which showed that, had life and health been spared, a road

to fame and fortune was open to him through the studio no less than through the warehouse.

In the spring of 1872, it became evident that Mr. Harward could no longer continue his work as an artist, and with the hope that mountain air and country fare might benefit him as well as the surviving sister, whose life hung on even a more slender thread than his own, the family removed to Bethel, Maine, and thence, after a sojourn of several months, returned to Portland, to end, as it proved within less than a year and a half, the days of both brother and sister.

And these last days were his best days, the days on which we most love to linger, the days whose narrative will bring more cheer and comfort to the heavy laden than all his life beside.

One trait which made the close of his life remarkable was his industry. He fully realized his condition. He knew that the remnant of his life was numbered by months, perhaps by weeks, yet he was never idle. Most would have reasoned: "My life is spent; I can do nothing more in the world but to pass my few remaining days as comfortably as may be. I may as well lay off the harness. Nothing can be expected of a crippled, bedridden invalid." Not so was it with Mr. Harward. No part of his life was more completely filled with work than the last few months, when he could scarcely


rise from his bed. Says one of his friends, "Harward used to lay out enough work to occupy a life of a hundred years." Every morning he would make a memorandum of things to be done that day. So much time must be devoted to writing letters, so much more to illuminating a sketch-book of his travels, so much more to his journal of adventures in the army and in foreign countries. Moreover most of his work was accomplished in bed, propped up by pillows, and was attended with great weariness and exhaustion.

Oct. 10, 1873, only about four months before his death, he writes as follows in his journal :

Dr. Weeks has been in to see me and has examined my abscess. It is now very large, and is giving me more trouble day by day. I have been able during the past few weeks to accomplish a large amount of work. I am illuminating a book of photographs of Italian views, and have really accomplished a good deal.

Few people beside the doctor know that I am obliged to use stimulants constantly.

I am anxious to finish it up, or at least to give it a good start, before the abscess is opened. The doctor says that he should open it now if he thought there was any hope of my being benefited, but he assures me that the continuance of my life depends entirely upon my strength in holding out. The opening of it



will, in his opinion, bring my life to an end in a few months, and perhaps in a few weeks, and he begs of me not to insist on having it opened so long as my life is tolerable. He is even willing that I shall take morphine every day, which I am now doing. I hope to be able to hold out until I have written a history of the Harward family, which I have already commenced.

This constant activity was maintained to the very end.

A favorite amusement of his was chess, and with his friend, Mr. John M. Gould, who already in this chapter has told us something of their boyhood life, he played his last game, making his last move but a few days before death paralyzed his hand forever.

Though too weak to raise his head from the pillow, he would direct how the men should be played, and then send the result on a postal card to his friend. The return mail would bring the move which his friend had made. Thus this busy brain kept up its activity until the body absolutely failed to do its bidding.

The quality of his life, most remarkable under the circumstances, and the one that most endeared him to his friends, was his unfailing cheerfulness. Scarcely ever has any one mentioned to me his name without remarking at the same time upon the unclouded sunniness and good nature of his life, es-

pecially of his closing days. And consider for a moment who it was that was thus cheerful. He was not a young man tired of life and glad to bid good-bye to it ; not one upon whose appetite all the good things of this life had palled. He had no weary, disgusted thoughts of life. He could not say, oppressed with the dreary consciousness, that however his days might be prolonged there was nothing desirable in them for him :

“ My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower, the fruits of love are gone—
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone.”

Far from this. He was in the full vigor of manhood's early prime when stricken down. A career of business prosperity and generous wealth had beckoned him on. When failing health closed this door, he gave himself to his palette and brush, and fortune opened another avenue to greater fame, if not equal wealth. He modestly records in his private journal “for what it is worth,” that two distinguished German professors of music had assured him more than once that he had one of the first tenor voices they had heard in America. And yet the nature of his distressing disease, early in his sickness, obliged him to give up all hope of cultivating that voice or of joining in any chorus until

in a better world he should join the choir that sings the praises of their Redeemer's love.


The waters of fame and the fruits of pleasure were always in his view and almost within his reach, but, Tantalus-like, as he was about to take them, they receded from his touch. And yet he was cheerful and happy in it all. His journal records no dismal wails concerning his blighted hopes, no jealous repinings that the companions who had started even with or behind him were distancing him in the race. His friends were never regaled with doleful reminiscences of past sufferings or gloomy forebodings of future misery, but of all places in the city of Portland, I have been assured by many, there was none more attractive than his room, the scene of continual suffering though it was.

Says the physician who attended him during the last months of his life: "His cheeriness of spirit was simply wonderful. In all my experience in sick-rooms and beside death-beds, I have never seen anything to compare with it. During the closing days of his life, with a happy smile on his face every day, he used to greet me with 'Good-morning, doctor, I'm weaker this morning and I'm glad of it; I shall not be such a care to my poor mother much longer.' He intelligently followed the progress of his disease," continued the doctor, "reading

many medical works and talking about the nature and probable termination of the trouble as calmly as though a third person was chiefly concerned."

He knew that when the abscess reached a certain stage, a very small figure would tell the number of his remaining days, and from repeated conversations with his medical adviser, he learned the infallible signs that would foretell his speedy death. One morning before the arrival of the physician, he felt the sensations he had been led to expect, and when Dr. Weeks arrived, he was greeted with, "O doctor, I feel it just as you said ; I am so glad that my time is so short." And yet all this was said without a suspicion of gloom or morbidness. Nor was this resignation born of an unnatural, bookish sentimentality. It seemed as natural for him to rejoice in the thought of death as for most men to rejoice in life and vigor. Wherever his Father led; wherever his Saviour beckoned, he followed without a trembling thought.

Perhaps, in this connection, it will not be out of place to mention a remarkable incident of his dying moments, which his physician has related to me. With his friends he had often talked about everything connected with the visit of the Death Angel. Among other things, the ghastly appearance which the dead frequently wear, with mouth and eyes falling open, seemed particularly disagreeable to



him, and in many cases he thought it might be avoided by the dying person. A few moments before he drew his last breath, when his friends supposed that for hours he had been unconscious, he resolutely drew together his lips, which in the agony of the death-struggle had fallen apart, and closed his eyes for their last sleep.

Concerning this rarest trait of his character—his unfailing cheerfulness—the friend of his youth from whose recollections we have already quoted at length says :

True is it that the nobility of his character and his cheerfulness shone out through all his trials.

I was with him often during the last months, when he could not leave his room. It was given to him to know and to realize that he could never be better, but must soon pass away. Yet in this he was happy ; sometimes even in ecstasy ; and he frequently told me that death had no terror whatever to him. On all religious matters he conversed freely ; he lamented that he had not turned toward his Heavenly Father until bereavement had compelled it ; he made no complaint ; God had done all things well for him, and his way was best. The way of salvation and the mission of Christ on earth had in other days seemed unreasonable and even ridiculous. It pained him to recall these old thoughts. It was also very painful to look back upon years spent in sin and frivolity, but all things were

changed now. He spoke a number of times of a book on the plan of salvation, which he wished me to read, as expressing better than he could the wisdom and goodness of God, but he added that to feel the truth of all these things was the great blessing for which he was so thankful. One could not talk with him without being strengthened. Excepting at the very last, when the constant use of anæsthetics became necessary, it was more like visiting an angel than a dying man. Although it was plain I must soon lose my dear companion, I believe I never came away from his bedside, except at the very last, without feeling his cheerfulness pervading and controlling all my nature ; for this cheerfulness was contagious and powerful. Nor was the funeral like any other. Mr. Hincks, the officiating clergyman, had caught to perfection the happy, hopeful way of his young friend, and spoke of it so truthfully, that death seemed only a happy release from pain, and entrance to joys.

There were four of us old friends selected as pallbearers by Harward himself, and after our long ride to the cemetery and back, one remarked, "How cheerful this has been ; it seems as if Bill—the good fellow—were here with us."

It is unnecessary, after what has already been said, to add anything concerning his happiness and peace in view of death. With all the confidence of a little child running into its father's arms, did he

glide from earth's scenes into the bosom of his heavenly Father. Such an idea as fear of death seems never to have occurred to him. Nor was he obliged to nerve himself to a certain callousness and indifference when thinking of the King of Terrors. Such callousness is not uncommon, even among the most wicked men. But this was not the quality which inspired him with fearlessness. He feared not death, because the future world was as real to him as this. He feared not death, because he had perfect confidence in his Father's protecting arm. He feared not death, because his Saviour before him had tasted all its woes and robbed it of every pang. It was a confidence which had been growing up and strengthening for many years,—born of his past life, born of many hours of meditation, born of an unwavering trust, it was too firmly rooted in his nature to be uprooted when the trial hour came. He says himself, toward the end :

I think I am justified in saying that a few months of such a life is more pleasant for me to contemplate than as many years.

This is largely owing, no doubt, to the very cheerful and happy view I take of the future life. I can feel on the subject what it would be impossible for me to express. God is to me a real, personal being—the acknowledged head of all created things. If I fail to answer how and why I am not discouraged, for I find

it quite as hard to answer who and what I am. I believe in the plan of salvation because I can see no reason to doubt the record of Christ's life as handed down to us, and because it is a belief that has conquered the best of the world, and is—

Here the record ends, for some leaves of his journal, on which the subject is continued, are lost, and his confession of religion is thus abruptly cut short. But why need we ask for more? "I believe in the plan of salvation." This sentence is enough to account for the happy, useful life and peaceful death ; nay, let us not call that *death* which is but a departure into a larger and better life ; for

"There is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright, in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
And feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away ;

They only wait through wintry days
The coming of May-day.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best-loved things away,
And then we *call* them dead.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen.
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead ! ”


CHAPTER III.

HIS WAR EXPERIENCE IN THE SEVENTH NEW YORK
REGIMENT.

A FEW weeks before he attained his majority, young Harward, as was the proper thing in those days for young New Yorkers to do, joined the famous Seventh Regiment of National Guards.

Very soon the stirring days of '61 came, and this regiment was among the first ordered to the front. It was inevitable that the scenes which transpired during the opening months of the great war, which thrilled every heart throughout the country, should have made a deep impression upon this bright young mind. It is fortunate that he committed these vivid impressions to writing. We give the record verbatim, as he left it, with no wish to add anything further by way of preface to his graphic words.

I always had a taste for the military, and commenced very early in life to read anything and everything with-



in my reach, relating to camp life and battles. I remember very well the pleasure I enjoyed in gradually accumulating a small army of tin and pasteboard soldiers, and the intense interest and excitement with which I would follow a militia company on one of its street parades. The members of the Portland Light Infantry were all heroes in my eyes, and my cousin Colman, who had served in the Mexican war, was to me the most important man of all my relations. It was therefore the most natural thing in the world for me to join the 7th regiment before I had been three months in New York. At that time everybody, all over the country, knew of this famous regiment. Its drill and discipline was remarkable, and composed as it was of the first young men of the city, its social standing was very high and far-famed. It was, and is now, a wonderful organization, and I shall always be proud of my connection with it.

I was induced to join the 5th company by two friends, whose acquaintance I had made in my boarding-house. One of these was a Sergeant in the company, and the other was anxious to join, and was only waiting for me to go with him. So, one evening, after witnessing a drill at the 8th Street Armory, we were proposed as members, and the next week were hard at work in the recruit squad, my papers being dated February 3d, 1860.

Capt. Speight was a perfect soldier, and could handle his men as well as any commander in the regiment, and we could hold our own in drill with any other com-

pany. I got along very well, and went with the regiment to Camp Scott in the summer of 1860. I made my first parade with the regiment here, and had about a week of camp life—which was, up to that time, the most important event of my life. The Seventh was organized from the old 11th regiment of state artillery, as far back as 1824, when Lafayette visited this country for the second time, and was named the National Guard in his honor, he being at the time a member of the National Guard of Paris. The gray uniform was adopted from the first, and its organization as a regiment dates from the 6th of May, 1826. It was then known as the 27th regiment of Artillery N. G., and numbered eight companies, uniformed and drilled as Infantry. It made its first parade as a regiment on the 31st of May, 1826, but it was not until the 27th of July, 1847, that it was officially designated as the 7th regiment N. G. N. Y. S. M. The Seventh has always been relied on for riot duty, and has seen a good deal of this kind of work in the past twenty years.

But the grandest, the proudest day in the history of the Seventh was Friday, the 19th of April, 1861. Everybody knows how people felt when the news came from Fort Sumter. No one who lived then will ever forget the excitement of that day. I had been in the bonded warehouse business at 5 Whitehall street, about eight months, just long enough to be interested and tied down to it, and it required my constant care and attention. I was the only son of a widow, and my mother and sisters had just settled in Brooklyn, among stran-

gers, that they might be near me and make a home for me. My sister Etta was a confirmed invalid, and my own health was delicate ; and yet, when the order was issued on the 18th, for the regiment to march on the 19th, I was almost wild with joy. Business, money, family, life had no influence to detain me. I had the war fever, and I had it pretty bad. Every one was full of excitement then. Going to the war was no old story, as it afterward became. They all said, go in, old fellow, and God bless you! I went home and told the folks. I know that they took it hard, but they made no show of their feelings. They went to work with cheerful faces to help me arrange and pack my knapsack and haversack, and brighten up my uniform. Going to the war at that time looked like a very serious thing. My neighbors regarded me as a doomed man, one who was actually giving his life to his country. War was a fresh experience, and people had not then become accustomed to look upon scenes of suffering and blood-shed with almost indifference.

I felt very grand on the morning of the 19th, as I stood on our front steps and kissed the folks good-bye, and although my knapsack was packed full of everything that a green soldier and indulgent sisters would naturally put into it, I hardly felt its weight at the time, although I found out afterward that old soldiers don't carry any more extra weight than they find absolutely necessary. It was astonishing to see how soon the boys would discover "that they guessed they could do without this and that article of comfort and dress."

Our march down Broadway to the Courtlandt street ferry was a perfect ovation. It was two miles of people, packed like sardines, and crowding all the side streets, windows, and house-tops,—flags, flowers, and cheers everywhere. I was on the extreme right of our platoon, and all the way down people were trying to shake hands with us, slapping us on our backs, saying to us “go in, boys,” “we are coming right after you,” and all that sort of talk. Ladies threw their handkerchiefs and gloves at us. Many of the boys had presents of pocket-knives, pipes, cigars and tobacco, forced upon them by perfect strangers. Flags hung from every window, and we were pelted with flowers all the way down. New York was never so excited before, and never will be again; such intense feeling can only come once in a generation. Theodore Winthrop (who a few months after was killed at Big Bethel) wrote to the *Atlantic Monthly*: “It was worth a life—that march! Only one who passed, as we did, through that tempest of cheers, two miles long, can know the terrible enthusiasm of the occasion.”

Out of some twenty New York city regiments, the Seventh had at least a day's start of all the others, and we marched with 991 muskets and our full band and drum corps of about sixty men. As we expected to have street fighting in Baltimore, we took with us two mountain howitzers. At Jersey City we found the same excitement, and all along the route, at every station, were great crowds of people, music, bonfires, and illuminations. Of course, sleeping that night was out of the

question. We got the evening papers with the accounts of the fighting that day in the streets of Baltimore, and we all expected to have hot work the next day, but no one seemed to be troubled about it. It was more like a big picnic than a march to battle, and songs and jokes were heard everywhere. All the boys seemed happy at the thought of doing something for the country, and everybody was good natured.

We reached Philadelphia about two in the morning, and found that the communication with Washington had been cut off at Havre de Grace, and that we should have to get into the capital by some other way. This only became known to us in the morning, and caused a good deal of disappointment. But the object of the regiment was to get into Washington in the quickest possible time, the whole north at this moment being in total ignorance of what might be going on there, the rebels having cut off everything. Fortunately we were able to get a steamboat that would hold us all, with some crowding, and we were soon on board; provisions and water were rushed on after us, and we were quickly on our way down the Delaware. The steamer Boston never had so many people on board before, and probably never has since. That night we had to lay spoon fashion all over the decks, inside and out; when a man wanted to turn over, every other man in his row had to turn with him, at least that is what the boys said who slept on the cabin floor. I went down below and found a place to stretch out on a shelf in a provision closet; the only trouble I had was from

the rats, who were running over me all night, the old boat being full of them. Reveille at five o'clock stirred us all up, however, and I found, on comparing notes, that my quarters were pretty good after all, some of the boys having to sleep in the coal bunks and on top of boxes and barrels.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, mild and calm, which was a lucky thing, as we were out of sight of land at the time, and if there had been a heavy sea I think some of us would have found it unpleasant. Here we discovered for the first time what army rations meant. Every man with a tin plate and cup in hand, fell into line and passed along in front of the sergeants, who gave each of us two square pieces of hard bread, known in the army as "hard tack," and a junk of salt meat. Water was scarce, and we could only have a little at a time, but the coffee was good. And here let me remark, that all through the war, Uncle Sam gave his boys good coffee, although they often had to drink it with mouldy bread and sour pork.

At eleven o'clock our chaplain, Dr. Western, read the Episcopal service, and our band gave us some good music in the afternoon and evening. During the day we hailed a vessel from Norfolk, and her captain told us of the burning of the navy yard and fleet and all the stores collected there.

Monday morning, at daybreak, we entered the harbor of Annapolis, and, after reporting to the officer in command of the old frigate *Constitution*, steamed up the bay. Here we found the 8th Massachusetts stuck


on a mud bank, where they had run some hours before our arrival. They were a hard looking crowd, no two men being uniformed alike, and very few of them acquainted with the drill or the duties of a soldier; but they were a noble set of fellows, ready to work and suffer. Gen. Ben Butler was in command. We tried to pull them off, but it was no go, and after promising to send our steamer back for them, we steamed up to the town and took possession in the afternoon. The mayor protested and threatened, and the reports that we received from the officers of the naval academy were gloomy enough. All Maryland, they said, was in arms to oppose us; from fifteen to twenty thousand men were ready to fight us before we could reach the railroad junction; the track and the telegraph lines were destroyed, and the rolling stock run off; bridges burnt; and the fate of Washington in doubt. Altogether things had a hard look.

But our colonel showed pluck, and decided to push on to Washington the next day by a forced march, as it would take too much time to open the railroad. This plan would no doubt have been carried out, if a messenger from Gen. Scott had not arrived with the news that the city was safe, and that it was highly important to open the communication by railroad; so our boys and those of the 8th Massachusetts went to work to rebuild the road. Many of the Massachusetts men were machinists, and they found an old locomotive, damaged and useless, in a locked-up storehouse. "Our shop made that engine," said one of the men, which

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was a fact, and before night it was in repair, steam up, and a regular Yankee engineer and fireman on board. Old cars were patched up, and three miles of track in running order and held by us. Both regiments would start early in the morning, the engine and cars bringing the baggage and following behind the troops as fast as the track was relaid. A platform car was loaded with spare rails pulled up from a side track, and with tools. This was to be pushed ahead by hand, the men laying the rails where they were missing. We all turned in early at night, to get some strength for the coming march and the expected battle. A good many of the boys wrote letters that night. Numbers of them were married men, and many had taken advantage of the excitement and, like sharp fellows as they were, had popped the question to the girl of their hearts just before the regiment left New York. Of course no patriotic girl could refuse a fellow under the circumstances, and, so, all through the campaign, there was always a lot of our boys who were continually writing letters and asking if the mail had come through.

Most of us were quartered in the round fort, and the rest in the academy buildings. We laid down to sleep with our belts on and our loaded muskets at our sides, expecting a night attack; and sure enough, about one o'clock, the long-roll sounded. In a moment every man was on his feet. "Fifth company fall in," cried our orderly, and into line we fell in no time. "Forward, double quick," came the command from our captain, and away we went, out of the fort, on to the parade



ground and into the darkness. In seven minutes from the first tap of the drum, the entire regiment was in line of battle, each company in proper position, our colors waving in the center, and the howitzers planted on our flanks. It was glorious, and I honestly think there never was another regiment that could have done it so quietly and with so little confusion and noise, because the Seventh was and is the only military organization in the world where the privates are equal in military intelligence, education, and social standing, with their officers. Punishments were unknown ; harsh commands were seldom given ; every man was or tried to be a gentleman ; as a rule there were no hard words or bad feeling among its members ; any one who should have presumed to show bad temper would have been badly snubbed by every one.

Standing there in line of battle, looking out into the darkness, were many men who afterward died heroic deaths. Let me name a few of them. There was Fitz James O'Brien, the poet, who was killed a few months after, in single-handed combat with a rebel captain,—both men dying of their wounds ; there was Col. Shaw, who fell at the head of his regiment, at the storming of Fort Wagner ; Major Winthrop, the polished writer and scholar, killed at Big Bethel ; Col. Farnham, shot through the head while leading his Fire Zouaves at Bull Run ; Capt. George LeFort, killed in his fortieth battle, after three years of service ; Captains Miller, Alden, Trenor, Kelly, Chapman, Marshall, Harrison, and others, all killed while at the head of their companies

in action. There stood brave Timolatt, of my company, who, at Vicksburgh, suffering with the rheumatism, limped into battle, leading his company to the assault on the enemy's works, and dropped dead in the advance. Close by my side was poor Ringsland, who two years later died at Andersonville of starvation.

All up and down that line were men who afterward distinguished themselves as generals, colonels, and majors, while future line officers were as thick as blackberries. Yes, the Seventh was at that time a remarkable organization, and, next to West Point, was the most important school for the officer in the country. Six hundred and six of its members took command in other regiments during the war, and of this number, more than twenty rose to the rank of general, and more than one hundred to the rank of colonel:—this was from a body of men whose average age was but twenty-four years.

I feel justified in speaking as I do of the Seventh, because some very silly and ignorant people are in the habit of sneering at this regiment because it was never in a battle. Of course every soldier knows that the colonel gets his orders from a higher authority, and it is very rare indeed that even a brigade commander has the option of acting on his own responsibility. The Seventh was always under orders direct from the war department, or a department commander, and our colonel was no more responsible for our failure to get into battle than was our drum-major, or the corporal of the

guard. If we had been ordered to march to the North Pole, we should have obeyed orders.

- Of course the alarm turned out to be false, and after standing in line some time we were ordered back to our quarters. The whole fuss was occasioned by the arrival in the bay of a steamer with troops and stores from New York. The second and sixth companies, with part of the tenth, were ordered up at three o'clock and sent off as an advance guard, with a company of the 8th Massachusetts, together with the repaired engine and cars. They were to advance as far as the track had been repaired, and then to hold their position until we came up. It was between seven and eight o'clock before we were fairly clear of the town and found ourselves picking our way between or over the sleepers of the railroad track. Few people have any idea how tiresome it is to walk upon such a road, especially when in bad order. The regiments that followed us the next day did not attempt it, but took to the public road. The track of the Annapolis and Washington railroad runs for miles through a sandy gorge, which draws in the rays of the sun and keeps out the wind. We were all very glad, when we came up with the advance guard, to hear the command, "halt," passed down the line. In a few moments, however, the order of march was arranged. We were to leave the engine and two cars behind, for the use of the 8th Massachusetts, who were supposed to be some distance in the rear, and fixing ropes upon the two platform cars, we were to drag them by hand at the

head of the column ; on these we had our howitzer and the spare rails and tools, and, before the day was over, also a number of sun struck men and others who were exhausted with the heat and fatigue. For the Seventh required none of its members to pass a medical examination before leaving New York, and as a result we had several delicate, consumptive looking men with us, who, under the usual army rules, would have been kept out of active service. It was sad to see these noble fellows staggering along under their heavy load. They were plucky, and would have done finely in battle, but every old soldier knows that a forced march is the more terrible thing of the two to endure, and in this instance our men had not become hardened and tough, as was the case a few weeks later.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we got an unexpected rest, just beyond a place called Millersville, a town without any houses or people, but put down on the map as the only station on the road between Annapolis and the junction. We found a bridge partially destroyed by fire and still smoking. It was only a small affair, about sixteen feet long by twenty feet high, but it took our engineer corps about two hours to get it in shape: this gave most of us a chance to lay off. A heavy thunder storm and lots of rain excited very little growling from the men, who thought it about as well to be wet and cool as hot and dry.

It was quite dark when we crossed over the bridge, with the cars, but most of us felt braced up for the night's work. We had bathed our feet in the cool


water of a little brook, and many who had swollen feet were obliged to cut their boots open on the sides and top. All the men wore the same boots and shoes they were in the habit of using on Broadway and Fifth avenue. The good, easy, ugly, old "army pontoon," as the boys called them, were unknown to us then. Many of the boys, for the first mile or two, indulged in jokes and songs, but by nine or ten o'clock we didn't hear much of that sort of thing. We had now three cars to drag along, and the condition of the track grew worse and worse. The "Rebs" would pull up the rails and hide them in the woods and the long grass. Every little while, through the night, we had halts of ten or fifteen minutes, during which we would hear, through the still night air, the sharp clang of the hammers, as our track builders drove the spikes, or pounded the iron rails into place.

By twelve or one o'clock some of the men became so exhausted that when a command was given to halt, they would drop down on the wet ground and go to sleep in a moment, and it was sometimes pretty hard work to get them on their feet again. By two o'clock many men went to sleep as they marched along, and would wake up with a start as they stumbled into some one, or fell over a rail. Others would walk out of the line of march and down the embankment, only to be pulled back by the file closers. Some muttered and laughed and seemed to be losing their senses. Fitz James O'Brien says: "Most of us had not slept for four nights, and as the night advanced our march was

almost a stagger. This was not so much fatigue as want of excitement; our fellows were spoiling for a fight, and when a dropping shot was heard in the distance, it was wonderful to notice how the languid legs straightened out and the column braced itself for action. I myself fell asleep walking in the ranks; numbers, I find, followed my example."

Winthrop says: "Hardly any one had had any full or substantial sleep or meal since we started from New York. They napped off, standing, leaning on their guns, dropping down in their tracks on the wet ground, at every halt. They were sleepy, but plucky."


At length, about daybreak, we found ourselves out of the swamps in an open country. The word was passed along the line, "Close up, junction only a mile ahead." In a moment everybody was awake, the line straightened up, and every one felt that the time had now come for us to show what kind of stuff we were made of. We had the most positive information that a large body of armed men would give us hot work at this place, but we could see no signs of them, and our skirmishers soon after returned with the information that the government held the road from Washington to the junction, and that a train of cars was expected every moment for our accommodation. In the mean time we were making short work of a rail fence, which the colonel, by the by, had to pay for afterward, and huge camp fires were soon blazing along our line. Few of us got any sleep, but we all received new life and strength from the warm fires and



what hard tack we could find in our haversacks. About nine o'clock we marched to the station, and by ten o'clock were in motion for the Capitol, which place we reached about noon. Here we found the people very much excited, for they had been cut off from all communication with the outside world for five days, and had been expecting an attack from the Virginia side of the Potomac for the last two nights. As might be expected, our arrival had been anxiously prayed for by the loyal citizens, and as much dreaded by the rebels, who swarmed the streets and threatened and bullied every one. So our colonel thought it would be a good thing to march us through the city and show off a little. It was hot and dusty, and we had on our heavy overcoats and knapsacks, but our march down Pennsylvania avenue was, I think, the best thing the regiment ever did, so far as accuracy of marching and alignment were concerned; our ranks were full, all but five or six sun-struck men were in line, and we had company fronts of forty-eight men. On reaching the grounds of the White House we were halted for a moment, but soon after passed in review before the president and other members of the government. Uncle Abe and Seward were all smiles, and Mrs. Lincoln gave one of our boys a bouquet of flowers. We soon after broke ranks, and the different companies were scattered along the avenue at the various hotels, where we had a good wash, as well as a "square meal," and a shave by the barber. No one wanted to take New York bank bills, except at a discount of twenty-five

per cent, but our officers made it satisfactory to the hotel keepers in some way. After dinner we were marched to the capitol building. Colonel Lefferts took the speaker's room, and our staff and line officers went for the committee rooms, while we, the rank and file, took possession of the hall of representatives; our company had one of the galleries, and a cushioned sofa was given to three men. Here we kept our traps, but we slept wherever we could find a soft place, which was not an easy thing, as the floors of the building are mostly of marble. One night I slept for a change in the speaker's chair, with my feet up over his desk. About midnight I woke up, and soon found myself delightfully entertained by listening to the different variety of snores, which came from all parts of the house. Each member's chair and desk had a sleeper, while the gallery sofas were all full, and round the open spaces wherever there was a bit of carpet large enough for a man to stretch out, there one could see some fellow curled up and snoring away like a saw-mill. It was a singular and suggestive scene, and one not likely to occur again very soon in our national capitol, which, by the way, is a magnificent building.

I know it is supposed to be a sign of educated taste to be able to abuse all architectural pretensions in our public buildings, but I think this is largely affectation. There is a general effect of grandeur and size about the capitol, which is the result, partially, I suppose, of its superior site. Nearly all the great buildings of Europe have inferior surroundings, and are rarely seen to



advantage. It is a great pity that the dome should have been built of iron: had it been of marble, like the rest of the structure, it is hardly likely that it could have been made so much out of proportion as it is now. The works of art, inside and out, don't amount to much as yet. The bronze doors are fine, and not unlike, in size and general appearance, the celebrated doors on the Baptistery at Florence, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

On the 26th of April we were mustered into the United States service; the form is quite impressive. The regiment was drawn up on the grounds facing the capitol, in the form of a three-sided square. President Lincoln, the Secretaries of State and War, and many other distinguished people were present. Major McDowell, of the regular army, called the roll, and as each man's name was called, he brought his piece to an "order" and answered "here," taking at once the position of "parade rest." After the thousand names had all been called, Major McDowell said: "In accordance with a special arrangement made in your case with the governor of New York, you are now mustered into the service of the United States for thirty days, unless sooner discharged. The magistrate will administer the oath." Winthrop says: "Hereupon a gentleman *en mufti*, but wearing a military cap with an oil-skin cover, was revealed; until now he had seemed an impassive supernumerary. But he was biding his time and, with due respect be it said, saving his wind, and now in a stentorian voice he ejaculated: "The following is the

oath!" *Per se*, this remark was not comic, but there was something in the dignitary's manner which tickled the regiment; as one man the thousand smiled, and immediately adopted this new epigram among its private countersigns. But the good natured smile passed away as we listened to the impressive oath; following its title, we raised our right hands, and clause by clause repeated the solemn obligation, in the name of God, to be faithful soldiers of our country."


During most of our time in the Capitol, the two Massachusetts regiments were with us, the 6th occupying the senate chamber and the 8th the rotunda. The latter regiment was very friendly with us, we having shared our rations with them on the march, and given them a sort of free lunch on their arrival, besides raising five hundred dollars for one of their men who was accidentally shot and who lost his leg in consequence.

Regiments were arriving every day, and when, on the 2d of May, we marched out to our encampment on Meridian Hill, Washington was already looking like an armed camp. Soldiers were seen everywhere, and mounted officers were constantly on the gallop. We found our tents pitched in a large clover field, on high ground overlooking the city and commanding the road to Baltimore. It was a splendid place for a camp, but we were short of tents, and there were no floors in them, neither straw to lie on; six men were crowded into each tent, and to add to our misfortune, a cold rain set in on the morning after our arrival and continued more or less for several days. But we were not

long in getting things into shape, and in a few days we had a model camp in every respect.

I was in tent No. 1 of the 5th company street; our mess was made up as follows: Orderly William P. Halsted, Sergeant Fred Eckle, privates Lewis J. Eckle, Elbert K. Halsted, George W. Massetti, William E. Harward. We bought some boards and soon had a floor on our tent, also a small cellar, where we could keep things cool and safe. We also got hold of an old air tight stove, and a small "contraband" to black our boots, wash dishes, and make himself generally useful. We kept house in pretty grand style for about a week or ten days, after which we had to give up our black boy and stove, and take in another man. He was a big fellow, and it is a fact that there was not room for us all to live, much more to sleep, at one time in the tent, so one of us managed to keep on guard all the time, and in this way we got along very well. The field in front of our camp was broad and level, and, after the clover was tramped down, made a very good parade ground. We had much to enjoy at "Camp Cameron," but it was not all play, as the following will show: Reveille at sunrise; recruit squad drill half an hour later, to last one hour; "Peas on a Trencher" at seven o'clock; "troop" for guard mounting at eight o'clock; "assembly" at half-past nine for company drill; roast beef at twelve o'clock; inspection of camp at four o'clock; battalion drill at five o'clock, ending with a dress parade; "tattoo" at half-past nine; "taps" at ten o'clock.

Our guard and picket service kept a good many men on duty, but the regiment was now very full, as a great many men had arrived from New York, and on the 20th of May the consolidated report showed 1,231 men, with only two in hospital and twenty-seven on furlough ; this did not include the band or drum corps, which numbered about seventy-five men. Our camp was a favorite resort for the citizens of Washington, and the dress parade drew together great crowds. Mr. Lincoln was also up to see us several times, and his wife used to drive up almost every pleasant day. I remember that she was not popular, even at that time, with our boys, who, as a class, were pretty good judges of the fair sex. Lincoln was, on the contrary, very popular with every one from the first, although he was one of the most awkward and homely men to be found anywhere, and one of the worst dressed men in the country. Everybody knew Seward from his big nose and from his pepper and salt clothes, which he always wore during our stay in Washington. He was a little man in size, but he impressed us at once with his ability and genius, while Lincoln would only be taken for an honest, kind-hearted man. We received a good many gifts from our friends at home, during our stay at Camp Cameron ; hundreds of boxes of things to eat and drink were sent to us each week. A stand of colors was presented to us by the ladies of New York, also a "havelock" and a kind of a knit jacket to each man, also a pair of mounted howitzers and two rifled twelve-pounders, with their equipments and ammunition.



On the evening of the 23d of May the joyful news became known in camp that the regiment would that night march into Virginia. All the sick men in the hospital suddenly found themselves to be well. Everybody was wide awake, and letter writing and the packing of traps was the thing in order. About twelve o'clock our sergeants awoke us all, and soon after, the regiment moved quietly out of camp, without music and in light marching order. On reaching the high ground near the long bridge, and overlooking the Potomac, the scene was beautiful beyond description. The moon was at its full, and the broad river was everywhere dancing and sparkling in light, while the bayonets of the troops, which crowded the road below and filled the length of the bridge, glistened like frost work on a winter's night.

It was broad daylight when we found ourselves halted in a Virginia field, about a mile beyond the bridge; fires were soon roaring and coffee boiling and everybody happy. It was here that we heard of Colonel Elsworth's death that morning at Alexandria, and began for the first time to understand the nature of the grand advance. Elsworth with his zouaves had taken Alexandria and was on the extreme left. The two columns which crossed the Long and Chain Bridges, numbering about twelve thousand men, formed the right and center; our regiment was in right center. About six o'clock we moved forward and bivouaced in a cedar grove near the Columbia springs, on the Arlington estate.

The next day, the 25th, we were hard at work with the Jersey brigade, throwing up earthworks to cover the approaches to the bridge. This fort afterward was much enlarged, and was known as Fort Runyon, and formed one of the great chain of earthworks that surrounded Washington on all sides.

The 26th being Sunday, our chaplain had services in the woods, after which, he took up his shovel and went to work with the rest of the boys. Men, who at home never appeared in public without their kid gloves on, worked in the mud and dirt, side by side, with the big Irishmen of the Jersey brigade. On the afternoon of the 26th we received orders to return to camp, which place we reached about nine o'clock in the evening, in the midst of a drenching rain.

On the 30th we had orders from the war department to return to New York. So many of our men had accepted commissions in other regiments, and so many more were preparing to do so, that a further delay in Washington would have been a positive injury to the Union cause. At this time men were plenty, but officers with a military experience were very scarce. Gen. Scott expressed this idea in one of his orders at the time. On the afternoon of the 31st, we marched out of Camp Cameron, and the 9th New York marched in. We gave them all our camp furniture, and sold the tents to the government.

On the 3d of June we were mustered out of the United States army, at New York, having had forty-five days of service. A large number of the boys at once

took commissions in other regiments. I was very anxious to go again, but of course I could not think of it while Etta was so ill, and mother and Annie so earnest for me to stay at home: so I gradually got over the war fever and settled down to business. I forgot to mention that our band went down to the White House the night before we left and gave the president a grand serenade. They also went to the house of Mr. Seward, who made them a very nice speech and invited them in to take a glass of wine with him.

During the summer and winter after our return from Washington, nothing of special importance occurred in the history of the regiment. The places of the men who went off into other organizations were filled by new recruits, and we preserved an average membership of about nine hundred men. We made our usual number of street parades, kept up a steady drill, gave band and promenade concerts at the armory as usual, and kept ourselves prepared for another emergency, which came rather unexpectedly in the spring of 1862, when Stonewall Jackson made his famous raid down the Shenandoah into the borders of Maryland. Then, as in the year before, the cry went forth that Washington was in danger, and the appeal for troops was loud and strong. McClellan had suffered defeat before Richmond, and Fremont and Banks had been scattered in the valley. Colonel Lefferts received a dispatch from the governor, at midnight, on the 25th of May, to take his men to the seat of war as soon as possible. Orders were at once issued and published in all the morning papers, and

by nine o'clock the greater part of the regiment were assembled at the armory, where the orders were read for us to march at six o'clock of the same day. When one considers that the members of the Seventh were mostly business and professional men, this was, to say the least, short notice, yet the regiment marched that night, six hundred strong. I found it impossible to get off with them, for I was tied up with work, and poor Etta's death, which occurred only two months before, made mother and Annie unusually anxious and loth to let me go. But these were the times that "tried men's souls," and everything had to go down before duty to one's country and regiment. The danger seemed very great, and no one could hang back without sacrificing honor and name; at least, I thought so, and so it came about that in a week I joined the regiment at Stewart's Hill, Baltimore.

I found the boys in camp and up to their necks in mud and water. As usual, we had been the first to get off, and were stationed here, so we could act either with Banks at Harper's Ferry, or be thrown into the Capital, or sent down to McClellan. But in a few days we were able to realize that we were again in bad luck. Jackson had turned back, and we were soon after ordered to garrison Fort Federal Hill, a large earthwork commanding and protecting the city of Baltimore. This was a great disappointment to us all, and had we known when we started that we should be required to do garrison duty, it is doubtful if the regiment could have marched with three hundred men (we now had

nearly eight hundred in camp). I for one had almost made a sacrifice of my business, while many others had lost clerkships of years' standing, for what turned out to be the privilege of serving Uncle Sam for three months in dirty and narrow barracks, on the top of a hot and sandy hill, where there was no danger, no excitement, nor glory. It was pretty hard on most of us, and was a matter of great injustice to men who had made such sacrifices in the hope of doing active work.

General Dix was in command of our department, and beside the Seventh, had the other New York regiments which came on after us. During the whole time we were in Baltimore we had the prospect of active duty ever before us, but it never came. We were simply a reserve force. I could fill pages with the accounts of our experience on special duty, taking charge of wounded soldiers from the front, acting as burial escort for the dead, so that we almost became a regiment of undertakers; hunting up rebels and spies, and taking charge of prisoners, and all the other necessary but dirty work of an army. But we had a good deal of "high life" and fun with all this. The barracks were two storied buildings, and had an upper and lower piazza running along the fronts. Each company had a room to itself, in which were placed pianos and different articles of furniture, so that we had music and dancing, as well as private theatricals, concerts, and flirtations with the fair rebels of Baltimore. Of course we became very proficient in drill, and got very well up in heavy artillery practice, while some of the boys in-

dulged a good deal in billiard playing, and some in hard beer drinking. Camping a regiment of young men in a large city is not, on the whole, calculated to develop good moral qualities in its members. I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a good union family, who lived near the fort, and I have spent many pleasant hours with them. It was no uncommon thing for them to send me up a nice, hot dinner in a covered basket, and I "ran the guard" on several occasions in order to play a social game of whist with them.

On our off days we could go to the hotels for a good square meal of victuals, or perhaps start off down the bay after crabs, which are a favorite dish in Baltimore, or go in bathing with a crowd of the fellows, under charge of a sergeant. But I was very glad to get back to New York on or about the 2d of September, and find myself again a private citizen, having served a little over three months as a private soldier, for thirteen dollars a month and board. The regiment had about ten days' duty at East New York, soon after its return, but I thought I would stay in the office and give some one else a chance for glory.

The union cause looked pretty black in the early part of the summer of 1863. We had been whipped everywhere, and the army of the Potomac had met with a crushing defeat at Chancellorsville, which so emboldened Lee that he pushed forward for a second invasion of the north, with an army of one hundred thousand victorious veterans.

His advance was already threatening Baltimore and

Harrisburgh, when, on the 17th of June, the regiment, for the third time, marched to the seat of war. As in the year before, the boys were ready to go the same day the order was received from the governor, and would have done so, if old General Hall had not gone to the armory and told them that they would not be wanted until the next day. As a result, when the colonel arrived a few moments later, he found that most of the boys had gone home, and in a large city like New York it is not an easy thing to get a thousand men together, except through the daily papers. The orders were accordingly published the next morning for the regiment to march that day. Owing to the unfortunate experience of the year before, the regiment only marched with about five hundred and fifty men. Our boys had the idea that they would again be put in garrison, and the cry of wolf had been sounded so many times that it was getting to be an old story. However, nearly a hundred of us afterward joined the regiment, going on in small squads, as fast as we could arrange our business to leave. I joined the regiment on the 3d of July, and found my old company in their old quarters at Fort Federal Hill.

The little pen and ink studies I have made are taken from some sketches made by Tom Nast while a member of the regiment. Both Nast and Gifford have painted several large pictures from studies made while with the regiment, and one of Gifford's was bought by the regiment, and now hangs in the board of officers' room. I think Gifford was paid \$3,000 for it. There

were other artists in the regiment, but none of such reputation as the two I have mentioned.


As I have said, I found the 5th company at Fort Federal Hill, but many of the other companies were scattered on special duty. We all knew that a great battle was going on at Gettysburgh, and we were expecting orders every moment to be sent to the front. Everybody felt that this great battle would be a turning point of the war, and every one was excited and anxious to know the result. Baltimore was prepared to make a desperate defense, if our army was beaten. All the principal streets were barricaded, and fresh earthworks were thrown up everywhere. Our boys had been at work night and day, and at last it did look as if the Seventh was to smell powder. The next morning, the 4th of July, the news of our glorious victory reached us, as well as the account of Grant's success at Vicksburgh, and everybody was wild with joy. Early in the morning our company started off to take charge of some twelve hundred rebel prisoners that had just come in from the front.

We found them at Fort McHenry in charge of our 2d company, which we relieved. These "Johnnies" were a hard looking crowd, and were so dirty that it was not pleasant to go very near them. During the day a thousand or two came in. We marched them into an open field, formed them into a solid square, and placed a line of guards around them. They laid down on the ground and went to sleep about as close together as a drove of cattle.

Those of us on guard that night had to keep our eyes open to prevent any of them from running off. But I imagine most of the poor fellows were rather glad to have a little rest and something to eat, and it is doubtful if any of them would have run away if we had given them the chance.

In my conversation with them, I found that they were not, as a class, nearly so intelligent as our northern soldiers, but this, I thought, was owing to their deficient education and want of culture, rather than to any lack of natural ability. In fact, I was struck, in many instances, with the great beauty of some of these men. Many of them were tall and of delicate build, but their movements showed iron strength and a certain grace and agility that we notice in all the tiger family, while classical cut features were set off and heightened by long, dark hair and slouched, shabby hats. There were few blue-eyed men among them, and many resembled the Italians of southern Italy in complexion and general cast of features. These men belonged to Archer's brigade, and were the flower of the southern army, but a more quiet set of fellows I never saw in my life, and I have learned to distinguish veterans from raw troops, in both armies, by observing the amount of noise and talk they make. New troops are loud and saucy; old soldiers are more quiet, and when they joke, it is in a dry sort of a way, and when they grumble, it is in a mumbling, bull-dog style with a good many hard oaths. Old veterans are also more humane and less blood-thirsty than new troops, it is

said, and the rawest troops are more charitable toward their enemy than civilians. In Baltimore I noticed that, of the civilians, the women were the more bitter and unforgiving. Elegantly dressed ladies of good families would gather up their skirts as they passed us on the streets, and I was once poked in the face with a parasol by an elderly female, who appeared to lose her temper as she passed me. With the old soldiers of a hundred fights our boys could sit down and talk and smoke in the most social and friendly way. Nearly all the cruelties of Andersonville and other rebel prisons were inflicted upon our men by civilians and home guards; and to-day, in the south, the best friends of the union, as it is, are the soldiers of the war, and its most bitter foes are said to be the clergy and the women. Why this is so I shall not try to explain, although I think I can tell why, out of some fifty rebel officers we had in charge, there were only two who made disagreeable remarks, and why both these "rebs" proved to be northern men. The hottest union man I ever saw was a South Carolinian, who had brothers in the southern army, and who hoped it might be his fortune to meet them in deadly combat. Can all this be explained on the simple ground of affectation? That, for instance, the old veteran is not obliged to affect zeal for a cause in which he has time and again imperiled his life; while the raw recruit, being untried, must affect a certain amount, and the civilian, who has done nothing, a good deal more, and



the northern man, who takes side with the south, more than all others, in order to escape suspicion.

On the second afternoon after our arrival at Fort McHenry, Lieut. Seward of our company, and a detail of about twenty of us, started on a Delaware steam canal boat, with four hundred prisoners, for Fort Delaware. It was hard work getting them all in, and it was only by crowding the hold of the boat and every other place where there was standing room, that we could get them all on board. However, it was not to be a long voyage, so there was no actual suffering, only a great deal of discomfort and a very strong smell. These men had slept on the ground, in rain and sun, for weeks, and as a result were covered with "gray-backs." It was no unusual thing to see a man take off his jacket, place it across his knee, and then with thumb and finger go down the seams and quietly kill off a hundred or two of these social, but disagreeable, companions. While in Sorrento a few years ago, I made the acquaintance of a southern gentleman traveling with his wife and children, whom I discovered, in the course of conversation on the war, to have been one of these men whom we took to Fort Delaware. We had a good laugh over it, and were friends from that moment.

We arrived at the fort the next morning and landed our prisoners, after which we started back for Fort McHenry, which place we reached about midnight, and heard the joyful news that the regiment had been

ordered to the front, and would leave for Frederick the next day. Accordingly, about eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th, we marched out of Fort Federal Hill for the last time, with three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. We found the cars crowded with troops pushing on to join the van of our army, which was making an effort to flank Lee, east of South Mountain, by the way of Frederick. The whole confederate army was at this time in the neighborhood of Hagerstown, and was closely followed and harassed by our cavalry.

We passed our first night at Monocacy junction, about four miles from Frederick, to which place we pushed forward the next morning, having orders to report to General French. In the course of the day we were, by orders of General Mead, who arrived in the afternoon, attached to the 3d division of the 3d army corps, our badge being a blue diamond.

As we entered the streets of the old town, everything looked lively and warlike. Artillery, infantry, and cavalry were mixed up with army wagons and ambulances. Negro teamsters were swearing, mules kicking, horses neighing, and mounted orderlies dashing pell-mell everywhere. Everything and everybody was muddy, and not a few were drunk. Our appearance in neat, gray uniforms was the signal for a great number of good-natured jokes. We were everywhere hailed as "Johnnies" and "gray-backs," and the rebel prisoners that we passed on the road had a great deal of fun at our expense, and wanted to know if we were

the 9th Georgia, a rebel regiment with a uniform very like the Seventh.

After marching a mile or two beyond the town, we were halted in an open pasture, near the fork of the Hagerstown and Emmetsburgh turnpike, which we were ordered to picket, the main body of the regiment, however, stacking arms in the field, near an old-fashioned rail fence. Everybody knows that we always have heavy rains after great battles. It had been drizzling all day, but now it came down hard, and the ground was soft and boggy. We made what cover we could from the rails of the fence, but most of us got little or no shelter that night, and had to lie in the rain and mud, officers and men alike.

The country round Frederick is quite picturesque; at least, I judge so, from the glimpses I got of it, now and then, through the lifting fog and rain. The town is quite old-fashioned, and is a cross between a New England village and an English shire town. The people have a good deal of the Dutch element in them, and have lost none of the thrift and money-getting propensity of their ancestors, as our boys found out to their cost, or at least that portion of them who had occasion to do a little shopping in town. Small fortunes must have been made in the single article of pies; cavalry men would take a whole one up into the saddle with them, and gulp it down, as they rode off, with the greatest amount of satisfaction, utterly regardless of the tough "sheet-iron crust," or the composition of its shoddy interior.

The morning of the 8th dawned slowly, with no let-up to the wind and rain; all night long the main turnpike had been filled with cavalry and infantry pushing on toward the Potomac, and as daylight dawned we could look up and down the road, and see as far as the eye could reach one endless line of white-topped army wagons. For two days and nights this river of life swept past us, while, as we stood by, we longed to throw ourselves in and drift with the mighty current; but this could not be, for the Seventh was, as usual, reserved for special duty, which means nothing more or less than doing the odds and ends of army work. General French was made corps commander, and Colonel Lefferts was put in command of Frederick. Our 1st company was sent to Monocacy junction, and Captain Bensei was made commander of the post; the 2d and 10th companies afterward relieved them; the 3d was sent to guard the U. S. A. General Hospital; the 8th was sent to Colonel Lefferts' headquarters in town; the 9th did picket duty on the Hagerstown road, while the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th remained on the ground where we had first stacked arms.

As I have said before, we awoke from our muddy beds to find the rain still coming down, and the wind north-east and cold. The camp fires were soon roaring and the coffee boiling, while slices of raw, rancid pork were given round to the men, with a good supply of "hard tack." By running a stick through the pork and holding it over the hot coals, we could get it into the right condition for eating with our crackers, and to a


hungry man it is a very fair substitute for butter. The coffee was always pretty good, and we had plenty of it. But the great question of the hour with us, on this cold, dismal morning, was, what kind of shelter should we make for ourselves. There was no chance of our getting any tents for the present, therefore there was but one thing to do, and that was to go for the old-fashioned rail fence, and build huts and thatch them in side and out with the barley that was stacked in huge cocks in the adjoining field. These huts would have been quite comfortable, if the continual rain had not soaked the straw to such an extent that it began to ferment, until at last it became so intolerable that many preferred to lie upon the wet ground around the camp fires, rather than sleep within the hut. Many of the men grew sick after the first few days. We had little or nothing to do except small guard duty, and our dress parades were melancholy affairs. By general consent we named the place Camp Misery.

We saw much, however, to interest us, and I shall never forget the grand spectacle of a great and victorious army, fresh from the greatest battle of the war, passing in review before us, with miles upon miles of army wagons with their much-abused teams of six and eight mules, and their black, swearing drivers, together with wounded men and horses,—the former going to the hospitals, and the latter into the hands of speculators and camp followers, who paid for them a price ranging from five to twenty dollars, I was told. Soldiers were also offering pistols to our boys for a trifle, claiming to

have picked them up on the field of battle. All were more or less puzzled with our gray uniforms, and on one occasion, as I stood by the side of the road, watching the passing of a brigade, a drunken Irish soldier staggered up and, addressing me as a — Johnny, brought down his musket, cocked it, and proceeded to take deliberate aim at me. Fortunately there was some one near, sober enough to explain to Pat, who was then quite as ready to embrace me as his long-lost brother, and anxious to give me a drink out of his dirty canteen.

Among some of the attractions of Camp Misery was the corpse of a rebel spy, which was hanging from a neighboring tree, and which continued to swing in the wind and rain in a partially nude and horribly swollen condition for three days and nights, in order that the passing army might have the benefit of the show. At length Lieut. Col. Price, commanding the regiment, detailed a sergeant and two men from the 10th company, the biggest dandies, by the way, in the regiment, to go and bury it. It is said that the boys did not enjoy the job very much. They recognized him, however, as a peddler who had frequently been to Fort Federal Hill to sell writing paper, soap, and nick-nacks.

For several days after our arrival at Frederick, we could hear at times the booming of cannon from over the mountains, and were told that it was our cavalry and light artillery skirmishing with the enemy's rear, which was protecting the retreat of Lee into Virginia. Soon after we were assured that both armies were again on southern soil, and that the fighting for the




present was over. Lee had made good his retreat, as he had done the year before, after the battle of Antietam. The great scare was over, and we had not lost a man, nor had we killed anybody, which I suppose we ought to be thankful for, but I am afraid we were not.

How long we might have been kept at Camp Misery, it is difficult to say, if an event had not occurred which sent us home on the "double quick." The Irish of New York City, and in fact of the whole country, were as a class disloyal to the government during the war. Paddy is never known to take the moral side of any question; they, voting in a body with the democrats, largely control the policy and principles of that party; they have from the first opposed the temperance reforms, and as a people have given no support to our public school system; coming to our shores to enjoy a liberty which they claim has been denied them at home, one of their first acts is to vote for, and work with, a party that has kept, and seeks to keep, some millions of human beings in bondage. In all our large cities they constitute our dangerous classes, and are, as a people, lower in the social scale than the negroes of the northern states. Nothing controls them but brute force, and when this is absent, they are only too glad to seize upon some occasion in which to exhibit all those low, vicious instincts which we naturally expect to find in the uncivilized savage, but which is strangely out of place in a people who have had the Christian and civilizing surroundings of the Irish in America.

Our government was never so hard pressed as during

the summer of 1863. The country was drained of men, and New York and all our large cities were left without troops. Making the coming draft a pretext for rebellion, the Irish quarter of the city, along the East river, was as early as the 13th of July in open arms; by the 14th they had control of the city; the police and what few troops were left, were overpowered by sheer weight and numbers, and enrolling offices were destroyed. The colored orphan asylum was sacked and burned, and numbers of private dwellings of our loyal citizens were pillaged, as well as factories, stores and newspaper offices. Negroes of both sexes were shot and hung to the lamp posts, whenever found. Business of all kinds was stopped, the street cars and stages did not run, and the hotels were barricaded and the boarders armed to defend them. Rum flowed freely, and in their drunken frenzy, women were known to strip themselves to a nearly nude condition, and then smear their bodies with blood and dirt. The police and a few armed citizens and soldiers did noble work, and are known to have killed and wounded more than a thousand of these barbarians. We received partial news of all this as early as the noon of the 14th. In the afternoon the cry was raised: "Here comes the colonel," and on rushing from our huts, we saw him dashing for our camp on a clean jump. He left the road and came over the fields at a swinging pace, and pulled up on the parade, out of breath with hard riding. "I have just got orders, boys, to take you home this afternoon," he said; "there is work enough for us there; the city



is in the hands of a drunken, brutal mob, and we are to clear New York of these hell-hounds, from the Battery to Central park, and we can do it, boys."

Of course we simply went wild over this, and yelled and jumped round like so many Modocs for a few seconds, after which we demolished our huts, put on our harness, and were soon on the march for Monocacy junction, which place we reached about nine o'clock. After some delay, we got on to a freight train, and were able to reach Baltimore by daylight. We could not get to Philadelphia before evening, and to Amboy before midnight. We landed about daybreak of the 16th at the foot of Canal street, having lost one man overboard on our way up the bay. We found the streets very quiet, and the stores closed, but from the moment of our landing, the riots were virtually over. The mob was not disposed to face disciplined troops with street howitzers loaded to their muzzles with grape and canister, and although we were scattered all through the disturbed districts, it was only now and then that we were fired upon, or had bricks thrown at us from the house tops. We were kept well employed, however, for a week or ten days, seizing arms, making arrests, and keeping order generally. A few of our men were shot, but none killed that I know of. Some of our companies were obliged to fire several times into the crowd, and a number were killed and wounded in this way; but we were employed principally to back up the police, who made short work with their clubs, knowing that they had the troops behind them. One day we searched the

tenement houses between avenues A and B above 24th street, and got together about three cart loads of arms of all sizes and shapes. We were astonished to find in this unsavory neighborhood, so many boys and women suffering from wounds. But the police assured us that the trouble commenced with this class, and that they were often the most difficult to handle.

For the next four years that I continued a member of the regiment, I took little interest in its movements. I was absorbed with business and family cares, and lived most of the time in Brooklyn. I paid my dues and fines, and generally managed to turn out for division parades. I also contributed my small share toward a fund of some nine thousand dollars for the sanitary commission, and some sixty thousand dollars for a monument and statue to the members of the Seventh who were killed or died from wounds or disease during the war.

In February, 1867, I received an honorable discharge, having served my seven years ; and I soon after joined the Veteran Association of the regiment, and changed my drills and marches for suppers and speeches at Delmonico's.

Pro Patria et Gloria.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

After the events described in the last chapter, Mr. Harward returned to his business and his home cares, and it is nearly seven years before he again takes up his pen to tell us anything further concerning his life.

Seven eventful years were these, too, for, during their passage, he not only developed into a solid man of business, but took unto himself a wife as well, from among the fair daughters of Brooklyn, and settled down to the duties and responsibilities of a family man. But, as we have said before, his happy wedded life was soon cut short, for in the same leather-bound journal from which we learn so much of him, under the picture of a most beautiful woman, we find these words: "Died at Stamford, Conn., on Thursday morning, Sept. 9, 1869, Julia W., wife of Wm. E. Harward, in the twenty-ninth year of her age."

He does not parade his grief for this loved one

upon the pages of his journal, but toward the close of his life we find him referring to her presence above, as one of the strong magnets which drew his desires upward. With a view, perhaps, in part, of escaping from the scenes of his great sorrow, we find him, in the early part of the February following his wife's death, embarking for Europe with his mother and invalid sister. After an uneventful voyage, they made their way, without much loss of time, to Mentone, where they hoped to find the climate best suited to the invalid's precarious health, and from this point we will allow his own facile pen to describe the many interesting sights which, during a year of foreign travel, presented themselves to him as an artist and as a man.

I arrived at Mentone on the evening of the 3d of March, 1870, and found mother and Annie anxiously awaiting my arrival. We are stopping at the Hotel d' Italy. As my knowledge of French was slight, I had to submit to some inconvenience, but met with no particular trouble, and was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a French gentleman who had traveled in America, and from whom I derived a good deal of information, especially in regard to the musical and art world.

Mentone is very delightfully situated on the Mediterranean, and is surrounded on all sides by high, rocky mountains, affording, in this way, the most complete

shelter from the north and east winds. It is, for this reason, a better place for the invalid than Nice, although in the latter place there is much more gay society, but less beautiful scenery. The population is only about 6,000, and the old portion of the town is built on a rocky point, and is very solid and compact. The houses are of stone, and are from six to eight stories high; the streets, with one or two exceptions, are so narrow that there is only room for donkeys to pass, while many of the side streets are dark and arched over.

The town is surrounded by an ancient wall with a fortress on a commanding hill overlooking the town; this, however, is now used as a cemetery. The hotels and villas are outside of the old walls, and are first-class and modern in most respects. The principal trees are the olive, orange, and lemon, as well as the pine, which, in some form or another, seems to be at home in all parts of the world. The flowers are not so abundant as in New England during the summer months, nor is the foliage of southern countries so warm or brilliant as in the north. The olive is very dull in tone, and, like most of the other greens, has more of the mineral blue in its composition, than chromes; the aloes and century plant are very common, and the palm tree is cultivated, mostly in gardens, however. The mountains are bare and rocky, but on many of them the vine is cultivated to a height of several thousand feet, where the slope is toward the south; much of the rock is a soft sandstone, and the soil on

the terraces is made by breaking up the odds and ends of rock left after the walls have been built. Very little dressing is used on the soil, and, as a result, none of the vegetables or fruits that I have thus far seen will compare even with those of rocky New England. The climate is very delightful, and Annie has very much improved in her general health, although, from what I have seen and heard, I have no reason to suppose that people who are known to be in consumption are ever cured by coming here.

The most striking feature of Mentone is the open sea, toward which our house faces; the colors are ever changing, and at times are very beautiful; we see nothing like it in our American waters, except at Niagara Falls, where there is a peculiar green that I quite often see here. A very beautiful garden surrounds the house, from which we have a most delightful view of the old town and the country around it. On very clear days we can see, eighty miles over the blue water, the mountain tops of the island of Corsica.

The principal attraction at Nice is the society, which in winter is very gay, and being near Monte Carlo, the famous gambling place, is much frequented by people of doubtful character; for this reason it will not compare with Mentone as a quiet place for an invalid. We all start to-morrow for Genoa.

We arrived at Genoa from Nice on the 1st of April, having been all day on the steamer, which was hardly larger than a New York tug-boat, yet the passage cost thirty-six francs. But the scenery along the coast was

so fine that I did not care much about the price or the accommodations. Genoa is seen to great advantage from the sea, built as it is on the side of high hills, with its harbor enclosed by massive walls of stone. The effect as you approach it is very impressive. The city, on a closer inspection, does not by any means disappoint you; the attractions are very numerous and will well repay a visit of a week. Some of the churches are very beautiful; San Lorenzo was built in the eleventh century, and is of black and white marble in horizontal stripes.

The palaces are considered the principal attraction, and, being very numerous and extensive, will exhaust a good deal of time, if one is disposed to see them all. I saw some five or six of the best. At the Palazzo Brignole Sale is a fine collection of pictures, among them several family portraits by Vandyke; one of them, that of the Marchioness Brignole Sale, is very beautiful. It gives one a strange feeling to walk through these old apartments, furnished in the style of the fourteenth century, and see the faces of the old family staring at you out of the frames, as much as to say, "Who are you, and what do you want? Our names were once a power and a dread; three hundred years ago we walked these halls and none dared question us; now you come here and coolly stare and strut around as if your presence was a favor; we don't know you, and you are not of us."

In the Palazzo Serro is a saloon that cost one million of francs, so they say. Most of the stair-cases

and floors are of marble, as well as the fronts of the buildings, many of which have elaborate ornamentation; but as the streets are very narrow, these are seen to great disadvantage.

The women of Genoa have the reputation of being very beautiful, but I think this is owing largely to the fashion of wearing a sort of lace or muslin veil over the head, which would be becoming to almost any women; they are certainly not handsome judged by the American standard, but they are beautiful in comparison with the French women I have seen.

Pisa, April 6, 1870. Mr. D. and myself arrived here on the 5th, having spent the night of the 4th in Spezzia. Most of the distance from Genoa to Spezzia was by carriage, over a beautiful mountain road. Being hungry, we got out of the stage at a small village in the mountains, supposing that we had a few moments to spare, but when we got back the stage had gone, with our baggage and trunks, and we found ourselves alone with a people who could not understand a word we said. In the end it cost us pretty dearly for our carelessness. Spezzia is the great future seaport of the kingdom, and the government have already expended large sums to make it a first-class naval station.

The principal attractions of Pisa are the cathedral, built in the eleventh century, and the baptistery and leaning tower; these are all together on the outskirts of the city, and just within the ancient walls. The Campo Santo is very interesting from its antiquity. The population now only numbers 20,000, and I should

judge the place to be quite poor and dull ; yet they support a very good opera house, and have a performance most of the year. Ship building is quite active along the coast just at present. I notice that they build the vessels' bow to the water, and rig them even to the top masts and sails while upon the stocks ; how they finally get them into the water, is a mystery to me, but labor is very cheap, and I suppose they employ quite an army of men on such an occasion.

Florence has a population of about 120,000, and like all other European cities, has a river, the Arno, running through its center. The environs and public gardens are very beautiful, but the streets, as a rule, are narrow, and the buildings high and massive. The climate is subject to greater changes than other Italian cities, the mean temperature of January being $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and, of August 77° . The Arno is crossed by four bridges, and the view from them, notably the Ponte Vecchio, is very picturesque, especially in the evening when the lights are reflected in the water.

The churches are very numerous, and next to the picture galleries, are the most interesting objects in the city. First in size, if not in interest, is the cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore. It was commenced in 1298, and is very interesting from the fact that the dome is the first of its kind in the world, not even excepting that of St. Peters, which was built by Michael Angelo, after he had seen and studied this one in Florence. It is octagonal, and is 138 feet 6 inches in diameter at its base, and from the cornice of the drum to the eye of

the dome, the height is 133 feet 3 inches. I found it very difficult getting to the top, and was obliged to feel my way in perfect darkness for a long distance. The outer walls, as well as the bell tower which almost joins the church, are composed of black and white marble very beautifully designed. The tower is 275 feet high, and the view from the top is most superb, and commands the country for miles around.

The baptistery, which is just behind the church, is noted for its bronze doors, supposed to be the finest in the world ; all the baptisms of the city are performed in this church.

I found the church of San Lorenzo to be very interesting, especially in its monuments to Guiliiano and Lorenzo dé Medici, by Michael Angelo. The statue of Lorenzo is one of the grandest things in the world, and I can say this, after seeing the best that Rome has to show. But in regard to the rest of the group—Day and Night, Morning and Evening—I can't say I was very much impressed ; they are disagreeable looking, nude male and female figures reclining on the tops of the two sarcophagi, and like all Michael Angelo's figures, are very muscular and unrefined ; and then they look as if they might slip off, at any moment, from what is at best a very painful and hard-to-hold-on position.

In this church is also the Medicean chapel, the walls of which are encrusted with the richest marble and precious stones. The Medici family are said to have spent 17,000,000 francs on this great piece of Florentine mosaic.


Among other churches of interest is the Annunziata, in which is a fine painting by Andrea del Sarto, and the Santa Croce, in which are the tombs of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Leonardo, and many others. Hillard calls this the Westminster of Florence. The Santa Maria Morello is also an interesting church, as well as the Santa Apostoli, the La Badia, the church and convent of the Carmine, and others too numerous to mention.

I have spent several days in the Pitti and Uffizi gallery: in fact I was in the habit of dropping in almost every day, so that after a while, I knew just what to look at, and where to find something new, and I was almost always sure to see some friends, or, at least, to meet all the traveling public, the large and best looking proportion of whom are Americans. Next come the English. The French and Spanish seldom travel from home, and the number of German travelers is small in comparison to that of the English. The Russians, I think, travel more like the Americans, at least they have the reputation of spending a good deal of money, and of course, like us, they are popular.

The Uffizi and Pitti galleries are really one, although one collection is on the right bank, and the other on the left bank of the Arno, but a long covered passage connects the two, and serves also as a place for the display of several thousands of original drawings by the "old masters," as well as the Etruscan museum, and a large number of Arvas and Gobelin tapestries. This passage is 2100 feet long, and passes over a long bridge, and through several buildings before connecting with

the Pitti palace ; so if one simply pass through the different apartments of the Uffizi, and the long connecting gallery, and only walk in and out of the eighteen chambers of the Pitti, he will find it a work of time and fatigue ; to see all that is worth seeing will take two weeks at least.


The entrance to the Uffizi is interesting from its historical associations, and its fine collection of statuary ; among them, Michael Angelo's David, which I did not like very much, although the cast of it in the South Kensington museum, which I have since seen, pleased me very much, which I suppose proves that either one was seen to greater advantage than the other, or that my art judgment in the five months' travel must have improved. I know that my ideas of painting have changed very much within a year, and pictures that I used to like are now disagreeable to me. Near the David, and under a spacious portico, are collected the Perseus of Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines, Judith slaying Holofernes, and a modern group of great beauty, called the Rape of Polissena. On entering the Uffizi you see a good deal of antique statuary that reminds you of a dozen other collections that you have seen, and it is only after passing through several rooms of paintings, and you find yourself in the Tribune, that you realize that you are in one of the greatest collections of the world. No one who has read up on art matters can enter this little octagon shaped room without a certain degree of excitement. First in reputation, is the Venus de Medici ; the figure is somewhat



stooping, and is only 4 feet 11 inches in height; the hands have been very badly restored, the head appears at first too small, and the face not strikingly handsome. The Dancing Fawn, the Wrestlers, the Apollo, and the Knife Grinder are also here. Michael Angelo never painted but three easel pictures, and one of these is in the Tribune; here also are six by Raphael, one each by Paul Veronese, Carracci, Ribera, Guercino, Andrea del Sarto, Albert Durer, and two by Titian, one of which, his Venus, is probably the best nude female figure ever painted; so we have the best in that line that sculpture and painting have ever been able to produce, placed together for comparison.

In this little room of wonders, are also pictures by Vandyke, Domenichino, and some four or five other artists. In rooms 18 and 19 are collected several hundred portraits of the principal Italian painters and others, all painted by the artists themselves. Those of Vandyke, Raphael, and some others are very well known to the world, from the published engravings. There is also a very interesting room devoted to the display of gems, of which there is a collection of about 4000. There are also several tables of Florentine mosaic, one of which occupied the time of twenty-two men for twenty-five years. An American can hardly comprehend this, but an examination of the work makes the truth of the statement quite plausible. The Hall of Niobe is also very interesting; these figures were found in Rome, near the Porto S Paolo, and are sixteen in number.

After looking at many rooms of paintings, taking a peep at the collection of bronzes, a look at the medals, and a glance at the collection of some thousands of cameos, you can, if you are not used up for the day, pass into the Etruscan museum; after this you find yourself in the gallery containing the original drawings of the old masters; it is only 300 feet long, and has, I don't know how many thousands of sketches framed and hung up for inspection. After this you have about 800 feet of portraits and tapestries, and then another long gallery of water color drawings, and at length you are in the Pitti palace on the other side of the river. This palace is a splendid structure, and like almost everything else in Florence, at one time belonged to the Medici family; the paintings number about 500, and are more valuable as a whole, than those of the Uffizi. The first seven apartments are very grand and costly, and abound in frescos, gilt, and mosaic; in these are to be found the gems of the collection. Among those best known to the world, from the numerous copies and engravings, are Murillo's Virgin and Child, Raphael's Madonna della Soggeola, and his Madonna della Impennata, Andrea del Sarto's Judith, with the head of Holofernes, one of Salvator Rosa's best battle pieces, and a great many other pieces of world-wide celebrity. Canova's statue of Venus is also in this palace; it was at one time in the Tribune. In the rear of the Pitti are the Boboli gardens, full of beautiful plants and trees, fountains, terraces, statues; and grottoes, but like all old-fashioned gardens, stiff and formal,



and you are constantly reminded of some drop curtain in a theater.

Among the other sights of interest in Florence, may be mentioned the museum of Natural History, in which are some famous wax works, the academy of Fine Arts, and the Egyptian museum.

There are about a dozen theaters in the city, the largest of which is the La Pergola ; it is ugly looking in comparison with our New York opera house, but it is said to seat 2500 people. The first opera, that is to say, the first drama entirely set to music, was brought out in Florence in the year 1594.

The fashionable drive is the Casine ; the band plays almost every day, but Sunday afternoons is the time to see the people and dress. Hall and myself took a ride out to Fiscole and enjoyed the magnificent view of the valley of the Arno, from the old Franciscan monastery.

The Florentines have impressed me as a superior people to the Romans or Neapolitans. I don't know enough about the Venetians to make a comparison, but I am told that Italy is no exception to the general rule that the northern people of all countries are superior to those of the south.

I left Florence on the 19th of April, and on arriving the same day at Spezzia, I found an English countess and her maid at the hotel. The lady had been badly wounded some weeks before in Sicily, by brigands, and she was resting here on her way home. I offered to take charge of her as far as Nice, and she gladly accepted the offer, having every confidence in Americans.

I parted from her on the morning of the 22d, and afterward read in the newspapers the account of the affair in Sicily, which agreed with her statement to me. We remained at Mentone only a few days after my return from Italy, but spent some weeks at Nice, leaving there on the 18th, stopping over night at Marseilles, and pushing on the next day to Lyons, where we found some of our English friends, and spent the 20th in looking at the sights of the place, which are quite numerous. We were all very much interested in the silk manufactories, and brought away a number of fine samples. We reached Paris the next day, May 21, 1870.

I commenced drawing to-day at the "Atelier Bonnat;" I was the day before introduced to Mr. Bonnat at his studio; there are about fifty members of the class I should judge, although the number who daily attend is about thirty. I paint, or at least draw, at the school every day; we have the best models to be found. The working hours are from 7½ A.M. until noon, and the price paid to the model is four francs for the five hours work. Bonnat comes round Wednesday morning and examines what we have done, and as he is now acknowledged to be one of the first of living artists, having taken all the prizes possible to take at the "salon," we listen to all he says with great attention. Saturday he comes again; he receives no compensation for this, beyond the honor, which in France is considered very high, of instructing this class, which is the most select in Paris.

The first impressions of Paris are very favorable;

everything that can please the eye or taste is here collected. The trade of the city depends largely on the money left by strangers, and the government finds it economy to support a large number of free and public entertainments, to keep quiet the most nervous and excitable people on the face of the globe. The whole machinery and general management of the city is run in the most precise and clock-like regularity ; it is, in fact, the perfection of government. Beyond the control of their domestic affairs, the people are not expected to reason ; the law governs business, amusements, and even social customs, and woe to the man who breaks them. They have but to follow in the lines laid out, and they can harm no one and no one can harm them. If they buy a quart of milk, they *know* it has passed the police inspection ; should the grocer or butcher give short weight, he is in their power, and they can ruin his business for weeks ; for beside the fine imposed for offenses of this kind, he is obliged to submit to having a printed warning to the public placed over his door, which may remain as long as the police think proper.

All jewelry must be eighteen carats, and have a government stamp on it. Should a storekeeper wish to sell a lower quality, he must have a notice of the fact displayed.

The stages only take a certain number that can be comfortably seated, and allow no one to enter except at the stations established along the route ; at these stations you are given a card with a number, and you take a seat when your card is called.

Every hotel and boarding-house makes a daily return to the police, of the arrival and departure of guests; and a story is told of an American, who forgot the name of his hotel, but on applying to the police, they telegraphed to the different stations, until the man's name was found, and he was then politely taken to his home.

Every official and servant is numbered and uniformed.

We are living with C——, who has a furnished house at Auteuil, in the villa Montmorenci; we ride in and out every day by the circular railway. The house is small, but has a pretty garden round it, and the whole villa, consisting of about thirty acres, is laid out as a park and flower garden, with about fifty dwellings, large and small, which are rented by a company. One of the entrances to the Bois de Boulogne is near the house, and it is very pleasant to walk in this delightful park on a fine afternoon; it is quite immense in extent, being over four miles long by about two in width. Although this is the most famous park in Europe, I do not think it equal to Prospect park in Brooklyn, for natural beauty, nor will it compare in point of artificial splendor with the Central in New York.

Were I to describe all that I have seen in Paris, I should only have to copy the larger part of Bradshaw's hand book. Of course the Louvre and gallery of Luxembourg excited my greatest interest; and I must confess, that although I spent more time and gave more attention to the Louvre, I enjoyed the smaller and modern collection of the Luxembourg more keenly. In

the latter collection, one finds only the works of living French artists, who have produced a work considered sufficiently excellent to be purchased for the nation; on the death of the artist the picture is removed to the Louvre. There are pictures here by Paul de la Roche, Horace Vernet, Rosa Bonheur, Paulin Guerin, Gudin, Ingress. But Muller's great picture, the reading the list of names of the last victims of the Reign of Terror, impressed me more than any picture I have seen in the Louvre; the figures are all life-like and dramatic, and tell their own story with such force and clearness, that for many days I had the picture, large as it is, clearly in my mind's eye. Ruskin says that the test of a great picture is the impression it leaves; but this can be no rule, for the Turners, that I saw in London, made little or no impression on me, while this picture hardly mentioned in the guide books, has followed me around for days. The gallery of the Louvre contains about eighteen hundred paintings, and is about equally divided between the Italian, Spanish; German, Flemish, and French schools. The gem of the collection is Murillo's Conception. Among other well known works are Paul Veronese's Marriage in Cana, Raphael's Holy Family, Correggio's Sleep of Antiope, Vandyke's Charles I., Gerald Dow's Dropsical Women, and Guido's Ecce Homo. The museum is divided into sixteen departments, of which the paintings form but one.

Mother and Annie have decided to go home on account of the war. I have no doubt but the Prussians will have Paris before many weeks. The French peo-

ple have proved themselves lacking in ordinary prudence or common sense ; they went into this war with as little thought as they would go to a masked ball or a horse race. The Boulevards were thronged night after night, by the most intelligent part of the people crying for war ; and when at last in the Assembly, a vote of 242 for war, and one for peace, was given, it looked as if the people of all classes would go wild with excitement and joy. It was a new sensation for this pleasure-loving people, and they only looked forward to the pleasure of humiliating the Germans, and adding to the glory and territory of France. "On to Berlin," was the popular cry, and men who looked intelligent, would talk of celebrating the taking of that city, and the Emperor's birthday (Aug. 12th), at the same time. But when the blow came, and they found their grand army a sham, they gave up with the most abject submission. The men, who a few weeks ago were talking fire and blood, are now the worst-whipped men I ever saw. Every one seems wholly discouraged, and not at all inclined to take hold and work or fight. Kinglake's account of the French army in the Crimea shows what we may expect in this war.

I have spent several days in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and as S—— and an English artist failed to meet me as agreed, I had quite an exciting adventure in finding my way to a little settlement of houses in the center of the forest, where, fortunately, I found three artists, all of whom were strangers to me, who showed me every kindness and attention ; one of them had been in Amer-


ica, and could speak English very well. I enjoyed myself so much, that the four days passed very pleasantly. When I got back to Paris, I found that my friends had started, but on reaching the edge of the forest, had become frightened or discouraged and turned back.

The new opera house, when finished, will be more grand than anything we have in New York, but at present we lead the world in theaters and public halls. The Champs Elysées is, I think, the grandest thing in Paris; it starts from the Place de la Concorde, and runs in a straight line to the Arch of Triumph. It is the play house of the people, and rich and poor, high and low, mingle and jostle each other in a more democratic fashion than I have ever found at home. Entertainments and amusements, that to us appear childish and silly, excite the admiration of Frenchmen. There are few billiard tables, bowling alleys, or any manly amusements to be found, and I have seen them play foot-ball in the garden of the Tuileries. But the great national amusement is to sit outside of a café, drink a cup of coffee, and stare at the people. The races are supported principally by the English and Americans.

Liverpool, Aug. 27, 1870. Mother and Annie sailed for New York this morning in the Cunard steamer *Aleppo*. We arrived from London last night, where we have spent the past ten days, seeing all that we could in that time. It is a great mistake for Americans to hurry through London in order to reach Paris. I think there is more to see and enjoy here, than in any city in the world.

Sept. 12. On getting back to London from Liverpool, I heard such doleful accounts of Paris, that I concluded not to go back at present. I have given most of my time to the picture galleries, and have seen several private collections. First in importance is the National gallery; it contains about eight hundred pictures. Among these are about twenty of Turner's principal works. Having read Ruskin, I of course had great expectations. I am sorry to say that I cannot enjoy them, although I think his early style the more natural and better. It was after Ruskin's *Modern Painters* was published, that he adopted his second style, which is well illustrated in No. 538, called *Rain, Steam, and Speed*. There are several good Claudes, among which, by Turner's last will, two of his best works were hung. I am certainly willing to think that they will bear the comparison. I was much pleased with a portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Gainsborough, and with Hogarth's *Marriage "à la mode,"* a series of six pictures, and considered his greatest work. The early Italian school is well represented by a large collection of curious, Chinese looking paintings, interesting chiefly as a comparison with modern pictures.

The South Kensington Museum is, in many respects, the most interesting in Europe. To an antiquary this remark would seem strange, but to one who, like myself, believes in progress, and who feels sure that the works of the nineteenth century, both in art and science, are equal to, and have advanced with, our culture and morality, this vast collection of all that is beauti-



ful in the fine and useful arts, will be most keenly enjoyed. The gallery of paintings is very rich in modern British works. Here we find some of the best paintings by Hogarth, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Stuart, Wilkie, several of Constable's best, *The Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, *Highland Drovers*, and others by Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*. The seven cartoons by Raphael are also in this collection.

The British Museum is the most important and valuable in England, and perhaps in the world. The Louvre is the only other collection that, in size and importance, will compare with it. It has no collection of pictures, but it has by far the largest collection of antiquities in the world. It is very rich in Roman sculptures and terra-cottas. Its collection of Egyptian antiquities is immense; it commences with the fourth dynasty and comprises about six thousand objects, among them the celebrated Rosetta stone. The Assyrian collection from Nimroud is also very large, the most modern statues dating as far back as 700 B.C. Here one sees human-headed lions and bulls of great size. The glory of the collection however is, without doubt, the Elgin marbles, supposed to be the work of the Greek sculptor, Phidias, and his scholars. The statues were taken from the east and west pediments of the Parthenon. These, as well as the capitol and piece of the shaft of one of the doric columns, have been partly destroyed by time and fire. The Portland vase can also be seen in a private room; it is less than a foot in height, and was found in a tomb three miles

from Rome in 1623. The figures are white, on a ground of semi-transparent blue, and are beautifully carved, but no one as yet can tell what they mean. The library of printed books exceeds 700,000 volumes, and about 75,000 are added yearly. It is next in size to the Imperial library in Paris, and is said to contain more American books than any library in America. Here one can see the Mazarine Bible, the earliest printed book known, published in 1455, in Latin and on vellum; the first book printed with a date, *Æsop's Fables*, Milan, about 1480; the first printed Psalter, Latin, on vellum, at Mentz, 1457; the first book printed in italic types, and the earliest attempt to produce cheap books, 1501, Venice. The Natural History department is only inferior to the collection in Paris.

The parks of London are seven in number, and some of them are very large. The oaks in Hyde Park are very fine. Among other places of interest that I have seen are the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Houses of Parliament, Horticultural Gardens, Royal Exchange, Crystal Palace, and other places too numerous to mention. The concerts and theaters are very numerous, and we went to several. The Haymarket corresponds to our Wallack's.

I have been to hear Spurgeon several times. He has a large, barn like looking church, on the Surrey side of the Thames. You see very few fashionable looking people, but many earnest, solid looking tradespeople and hard fisted, working men. It is this class that take delight in Spurgeon, and so great is the rush

for standing room, that pew-holders are admitted by separate doors, and when the regular congregation are all in, the great doors are opened and the crowd rush in like a huge wave, and every possible standing room is filled, while those on the edge are left to linger around the windows and entrances in the hope of hearing a word or two, or perhaps joining in the singing, which is congregational and most impressive, coming from an audience of six thousand people, every one of whom does his or her best to swell the sound. The pulpit, or rather a raised platform, is advanced toward the center of the audience, which appears to form a solid mass to the very roof of the building.

Spurgeon is a thick-set man, with a powerful, ringing voice and a manner full of magnetism. He is more of an earnest man than a thinker; he never has doubts, and while you listen to him, you are also impressed with the thorough truth of what he says. I don't think he ever allows himself to entertain, far less to discuss, any of the new school ideas of the age. He is simply a servant of the Lord, whose duty it is to warn man to flee from the wrath to come. The first part of his sermon is devoted to sin and its punishment, and you are made to feel your perfect degradation, and the justice of the punishment he so vividly describes; then, when your feelings are exactly in the condition to receive the great truth of Christ's love and sacrifice, he brings it out, gently and softly at first, but increasing each moment in force and fire, until he describes the sufferings and agony of our Saviour, when the whole man glows.

with feeling and force, and the immense congregation are moved with him, and share the excitement which constantly increases until the climax is reached,—when he begs and implores you to accept this Saviour “Now! before you leave the house!” as the only and perhaps last chance you may have to save your soul from an eternity of suffering and woe. He is a remarkable man, and knows just what to say and when to stop, which is a great point in his favor.

English people that you meet tell you that they know nothing of Spurgeon. The fact is, he is not fashionable, and this to an Englishman is quite enough. The Church of England is respectable, and every person who is or wants to be somebody, must own a prayer book.—“That is the English of it.”

When you walk in London you turn to the right, in riding, to the left. The stages hold ten inside and twelve outside. You pay according to the distance you ride, and give your money to the conductor, who stands at the door on the outside; you have to poke him with your cane, or get some one near the door to do so, and he then pulls a strap which connects with the driver, and the stage stops; then he takes your money and very likely makes quite a delay in making change, blows a whistle, and drives on. There are no street cars as yet in running order, although several lines are being projected. In Liverpool horse railroads are very popular, the first cars being made by John Stephenson of New York. The underground railroad is very convenient, and is what we want at home.

There are no people in the world so governed by fashion as the English, especially the young men. Their clothes are all cut in the same pattern; they all have side whiskers and wear large shoes; rain or shine they carry an umbrella under their arm, and gloves, if they can possibly afford it, are worn on the street; they eat after a certain style, and are expected to stare hard at strangers, and to appear shocked on any sign of familiarity; however well posted they may be on matters relating to business, they are expected to affect perfect ignorance with reference to it in society; they must show a very superior manner to servants, but under no circumstances lose temper; they must never adapt themselves to foreign customs and manners, but must be more English abroad than at home. I have found, as a rule, that young English women and elderly men are agreeable, and elderly women and young men disagreeable. Everybody drinks ale, and the amount drank in one year by each person is much larger than in Germany. The shop-keepers in London are very polite, and I like the common people very much. I believe them to be the most honest and moral people in Europe.

Consumption is the great national disease, but the percentage of mortality is no larger than in New England, where twenty-five per cent of all deaths are from lung troubles.

The rate of speed on the railways is higher than with us, as for instance on the London and North Western, where the rate is forty miles an hour, but the

charges are high and you must pay very heavily for baggage, if you have over sixty pounds. It is very expensive going to the opera, and you must appear in full dress, unless you go to the family circle. Concerts are very plenty, and both good and cheap.

Antwerp, Sept. 15, 1870. S. and I arrived here on the morning of the 14th, having left London the afternoon before, in the steamer Orion. This city contains about 80,000 inhabitants, and is the chief port of Belgium, but it is a dead and alive place, and is now important chiefly for its fortifications, which are said to be the strongest and most extensive in Europe, with perhaps the exception of those at Gibraltar. Of course we went to see the cathedral. It is 500 feet long by 250 wide; the steeple is about 400 feet high. Here we found Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." The face of Christ is far from pleasing, but the figure is well drawn, Sir Joshua Reynolds says, one of the best in the world; and perhaps it is, when we consider the great difficulty in drawing a lifeless body. Both S. and myself, however, preferred the "Elevation to the Cross," by the same artist, which hangs in the north transept. Here we also found Vandyke's "Crucifixion," his most important work. We saw nearly all the churches, and the museum, also spent some time at the national exhibition of paintings by living artists.

At 3.45 P.M. we went to Brussels by third-class train, which is better than second-class in England. By traveling this way, we have a good chance of seeing the

people of the country. The first evening, we went to the grand opera, but the performance was very bad; the next day we went to the cathedral, the painted windows of which are very remarkable.


On our way to the park we met two friends, Belgian artists, who were with us at Bonnat's school. One of them has a fine studio, and showed us some strong heads. They afterward went with us to the park, which is the most beautiful I have yet seen in Europe. In the afternoon we saw the "Museum of Ancient and Modern Paintings," in which we found fine specimens by many famous artists. The next day we spent most of our time at the picture galleries, saw the private collection of the duke of Arenberg, in which are many beautiful specimens of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

The Wirtz gallery is one of the attractions of the city; the pictures are wonderful, but not of a high order. Wirtz made Rubens his god, and declared that in color, drawing, truth, and poetry, he excelled all other artists. We saw many other pictures and churches, and went to a concert with our friends in the evening. The Belgians appear to be a superior people to the French, judging from personal appearance, and from what I have seen in two or three days.

The Hague, Sept. 20, 1870. We arrived here on the 18th from Brussels, and went to the Hotel Pico. The next day we went to the House of Lords, where there is nothing to see worth the fee demanded. At the Mauritz Huis we saw one of the best collections in Europe, among them Paul Potter's celebrated "Bull,"

which I do not like, Rembrant's "Anatomical Lesson," which I do like, and also some fine Dutch and Flemish pictures. We went to the palace in the wood; the trees, consisting of huge oaks and beeches, are very fine. The queen of Holland lives here, and the king is said to visit her once a year. The ball room of the palace is very fine; the walls and ceiling are covered with paintings by Rubens, Jordaens, Hondthorst, and others.

Amsterdam, Sept. 24, 1870. We arrived here from The Hague on the afternoon of the 20th. In the evening we went to the great Dutch fair, which is held every fall in this city; it was the night given to the servant girls. Had I been in America, I should have thought the people all drunk, but such was not the case. Large bands of girls, holding each other's hands, marched through the streets, singing songs, jumping up and down in time to the music, and sweeping every one out of their path in a very forcible, but good natured, way. The fair lasts several weeks, and is held in the open squares of the city. Here one finds every kind of cheap entertainment held in tents and temporary wooden buildings covered with flaming pictures of fat women, sword swallows, two headed babies, and other astonishing things. Outside of each show, stands a man crying at the top of his voice for people to walk in and see the greatest living wonder of the age. This all seemed very natural, and we felt quite at home when plates of hot flapjacks to be eaten with butter and syrup, were brought to us; there were also great piles of molasses gingerbread for sale, also apple



sauce, pickled beets, and other Yankee dishes. The crowd was very great and noisy, but I saw no fighting nor drunkenness; this was hard to believe at first, for I have never heard anything before or since to equal the noise. The next night the fair was for the men-servants, and I went expecting to see a general row, but was surprised to find it quiet in comparison with the night before.

We have spent some time at the museum, which is very rich in Rembrandt's; among which are "The Night Watch," and the "Fire Masters of the Drapers Company." There also may be seen "The Banquet of the Civil Guard," by Van der Helst, and the "Night School," by Gerard Dow. But we had the most pleasure in looking at the etchings by Rembrandt, which are well preserved. This is the largest collection by him in the world. The gem is the "Raising of Lazarus," seven by five inches; it cost the government \$7,500. We saw several other galleries, and have been much pleased with the general appearance of the city, which is very odd, and the style of architecture is new to me.


The city is built on piles, and through the center of the principal streets run wide canals, which are crossed by nearly three hundred bridges. These canals divide the city into ninety islands, and in this respect it somewhat resembles Venice, I am told. The population is about 230,000. The royal palace is a fine building, and is erected on a foundation of 13,000 piles. There are more than twenty charitable institutions in the city. You see no begging, and drunkenness is rare. There

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are 30,000 Jews in Amsterdam. Ship building is carried on to a great extent, and the manufactures are extensive. Here the art of cutting diamonds has attained great perfection and is controlled by the Jews. Holland is a poor place for a landscape painter, the country being almost level, and a great part of it is even lower than the ocean, in some places as much as forty feet below high-water mark. It costs a great deal to keep the dikes in repair, and it is a question if the ocean will not some day get the best of it.

Berlin, Sept. 27th. We left Amsterdam on the morning of the 24th, in what we supposed to be a fast, through train, but just at this time the government has entire control of all the roads, and as a result, our train was filled up with wounded soldiers just from the battle field, and we were twenty-eight hours in getting through. We were fortunate in occupying a car with a German lady and gentleman, who spoke English, and who gave us much valuable information about the country and people. We also had an opportunity of observing the practical workings of the sanitary or "Red Cross" commission. At almost every station young men and women were at the car windows with coffee, soup, bread, and cigars, and everything that could possibly contribute to the comfort of the soldiers. It was a beautiful sight, and reminded me of what I as a soldier had seen at home, in our own great war.

The next day after our arrival we went to the museum, which in importance is perhaps the third in Europe.




It is very rich in antiquities and the first floor is given up to this department. On the second floor is the sculpture gallery, the entrance to which is very magnificent. The principal gems are Canova's "Hebe," the statue of a boy (found in the Tiber), a Venus, and the bust of Julius Cæsar. The Egyptian collection alone fills five apartments. On the third floor is the picture gallery, divided into forty different departments, and containing about one thousand old school pictures.

Berlin is a very beautiful city; the buildings are grand and modern, and the streets wide and well paved,—the Unter den Linden being considered one of the finest in Europe. It is one mile long, from the royal palace to the Brandenburg gate; it is very wide, and has an avenue in the center, shaded by linden trees; this is the Broadway and Fifth avenue of Berlin. The city contains a population of 530,000 and a regular garrison of 20,000 soldiers, but just at this time there is a large army here and the streets are crowded with troops. It reminds me very much of Washington in 1861, although of course our troops at that time were not so well disciplined as these I see about me. But I cannot but notice that, although the Germans are every way superior to the French, our soldiers were superior to both, and I don't think I am wrong in this, for, during our war, the 11th corps composed of Germans, was acknowledged to be inferior, both in courage and discipline, to the rest of the army. Having seen some of the best soldiers in both the French and Prussian armies, I am still of the belief

that the American, with equal discipline, will stand first as a fighter, and next to him I would place a British soldier.

Dresden, Sept. 29th. We left Berlin on the 27th, in the evening, and arrived here early in the morning. We spent the forenoon at the gallery, which contains over two thousand pictures, among the chief of which is Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*. The faces of the mother and child are very divine, and the faces of the two angel boys are beautiful. I have not yet seen enough of his pictures to fully form an opinion of them. The one above mentioned is of course one of his best. The trouble I have found, so far, with Raphael's pictures is a certain hardness of outline, and a decided mannerism, especially about the eyes of his females, which are very round and bulging. The landscape accessories are simply horrible, and are used, as well as his skies, simply to heighten the expression of the figures. Then he had a bad, but very common, habit, in his day, of introducing into his most sacred subjects portraits of his friends and patrons. In this picture we see Pope Sixtus, in full church costume, in company with the kneeling figure of St. Barbara. There are, in this collection, five very fine Correggio's, among them his celebrated "*Virgin and the Infant Christ in the Manger*," "*The Tribute Money*," also a reclining "*Venus*" by Titian, "*St. Cecilia*" by Carlo Dolci, "*The Boar Hunt*" by Rubens, and many others by this prolific artist. This museum contains several paintings by Paul Veronese, and among the Rem-



brandt's a portrait of himself and wife. There are also about four hundred paintings by different Italian masters. In the later German and Flemish schools, this gallery is very rich. It has magnificent specimens of Hans Holbein the younger, Ruysdael, and Wouverman, of the latter over fifty pictures. I found here the original "Chocolate Girl," in colored crayon. Beside the paintings, there are one thousand engravings framed and three hundred thousand in portfolios.

Dresden, like most of the large cities in Europe, is built on both sides of a river, and is divided into the old and new town. The population is about 150,000, and there are many Americans and English living here. Good music is cheap, and the drives in the different parks are numerous and beautiful. There is an "American Club" here. The longest and finest bridge in Europe crosses the Elbe.

Nuremberg, Oct. 1st. We arrived here yesterday, having spent the night before in Leipzig. We took a long walk around the town, which in many respects is the most remarkable in Europe. It has been very fortunate in escaping the ravages of war, and its inhabitants have taken pride in preserving all the old buildings, which are of the extreme gothic style, with singular gables which front the streets, which are narrow and crooked. All the modern buildings are in the old style, and the city walls, with their seventy towers, are well preserved. Nuremberg is to-day, as far as appearance is concerned, a city of the middle ages. As this was the home of Albert Durer, of course the

town is full of his pictures. S. likes them, but to me they are very disagreeable, and his figures, like the houses of the city, are of the pointed style of architecture. We went to the Kaiser-burg or Imperial Castle, which is built on a sandstone rock, north of the town, and from which the view is very grand. The castle is well preserved, although built in 1030. The chamber of torture is full of horrible instruments that in years past have done hard service. Some of the finest churches here are Protestant, and are celebrated for the beauty of their stained glass windows. The population is 70,000.

Munich, Oct. 4th. We arrived here from Nuremberg on the 1st. The next day being Sunday, I went to church, or at least went to several; some of them were very beautiful. In the afternoon we took a walk to the park. It is laid out in the English style, and is about the size of the New York Central park. The river running through its center is made to fall over cascades, and to supply the many lakes with water. It is very beautiful, and will favorably compare with the park of Brussels. The picture galleries are very numerous and extensive. The collection founded by Maximilian I. contains about 1500 paintings, mostly by the old masters. Rubens alone is represented by some seventy pictures, and there is one room full of Van de Veeres. The exhibition of modern works by the "Fine Arts Association" is very good, mostly landscapes, and more after the French style than I expected. I liked those of Edward Schleich very much. At

the museum the collection of ancient and modern statuary will not compare with some half dozen collections I have seen in other places. We went to see the colossal statue of Bavaria. It is of copper, and is over sixty feet high; eight persons can stand inside of its head.

The hotels of Munich are very good, and some of its streets are very magnificent. The population is 168,000. More than half the births are illegitimate, owing to a law which says that "no marriage between people without capital shall be allowed, without the permission of the poor institutions." The best beer made in the world can be drank here. The place is also noted for its photographs.

Tyrol, Innspruck, Oct. 5th. I arrived here yesterday from Munich, having left S. to follow on. I enjoyed the ride through the Tyrol very much indeed. It is mountainous throughout, and is a province of Austria. Some of the mountains rise to a great height, but not so high as those of Switzerland. I came by the way of the Brenner Pass; the road rises here to a height of over four thousand feet. The mountains are mostly covered with forests of firs, and are studded and relieved by villages, which are built far up their sides. The people all smoke porcelain pipes, and are very picturesque in their dress, which varies in the different thals, or valleys. Both men and women carry large, red or blue umbrellas with them, as it is likely to rain at any time. There are a number of interesting old churches and a museum in Innspruck, but I had so little time that I preferred to spend my morning, looking at the

magnificent mountains, which surround the town on all sides, and in places rise to a height of ten thousand feet. A beautiful river runs through the town.

Verona, Oct. 6th. I arrived here last evening in company with the Rev. Mr. E., of Philadelphia, and Mr. G. M., a very intelligent Italian gentleman. Verona is said to be a very enterprising place, and to have large manufactories. It is also strongly fortified, and has several objects of interest to the stranger. Of these the most interesting is the amphitheater, one of the best preserved specimens of Roman architecture in Italy. It is in the form of an ellipse, and its greatest length is 510 feet. It had seats for 25,000 persons. The churches are very grand, and there are more than forty of them, although the population is less than 60,000. I did not hunt up Juliet's tomb, although a great many people do.

Venice, Oct. 10th. I arrived here on the afternoon of the 6th from Verona. Mr. E. introduced me to the Rev. F. E. of New York, and we spent the first day of our acquaintance in the churches and palaces. We hired a gondola for the day, and probably enjoyed this much more than the churches, of which I am getting a little tired. In fact the gondola is one of the great attractions of Venice. It would seem very much out of place in London or New York; but here, where everything breathes of romance and poetry, it is in perfect harmony with the people and place.

Of course every one knows that the city is built on islands; that the grand canal is the principal water


street and takes a serpentine course through the city, that it is very wide, and the buildings which line it on either side are very grand and imposing, and are built down to the water's edge; that the city is intersected by 146 smaller canals or streets, crossed by 306 stone bridges, intended only for foot passengers. St. Mark's place is the only open space, and the few paved streets are intended only for shops, and are hardly more than five feet wide, with the exception of the Merceria, which is from twelve to twenty feet in width.

Horses are never seen, and many people do not know what a carriage looks like. If you wish to go anywhere, you step into a gondola. These gondolas are about thirty feet long, painted black, and are very narrow at the stern and sharp at the bow; in their center is a covering like the top of a London hansom, which in wet weather one can close up; they have windows on the sides, with blinds, which one can put up or down; the seats are well cushioned, and will hold six or eight persons; in clear weather the top can be removed. One gondolier is generally considered enough for a gondola of ordinary size, and he would keep up with one of our four-oared boats at home without much exertion. The charges are very light; you can hire one by the day for a dollar. Most of the buildings are four stories high. They are generally built square, with the front on the canal, and the rear on narrow streets from three to five feet wide. The fronts on the grand canal are mostly of marble, and are highly ornamented, but are black with time. Everything is old, and nothing very clean,

but the whole place is full of romance and poetry, and on a moonlight night, such as I have enjoyed here, it is hard to realize that one lives in the age of steam and iron.

The first night, I took a walk over the famous Rialto, which, like other bridges of Venice, has stairs by which people ascend on one side and descend on the other. I also got my gondolier to take me under the "Bridge of Sighs," and as the moon was pale, I saw it to grim advantage. I shall read Byron's *Childe Harold* with more interest after this. St. Mark's place, with the Ducal palace and the winged lion, looked very much as it is often painted, except on the last evening, when the whole square was illuminated, and with fire works and music presented an appearance that few artists would attempt to paint. This was in honor of the taking of Rome, which occurred one month ago.

The church of San Marco is one of the most interesting I have yet seen. It was designed by architects from Constantinople, and is a mixture of Grecian, Oriental, and a little of Roman architecture. It has five domes, the central being ninety-two feet high; the vaulting and many portions of the wall are covered with rich marbles and mosaics. Nearly six hundred marble pillars support the decorations inside and outside of the building, and the pavement is composed of small pieces of white and colored marble, agate, jasper, etc., and was once, undoubtedly, very beautiful, but they are now badly broken up with age. Near the church



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is the Campanile, or bell-tower ; it is 320 feet high, and the view from its summit is very magnificent.

I spent a day in the Doge's palace. In the great council chamber is the great painting of Paradise, by Tintoretto ; it is eighty-four feet in width, and covers one end of the hall. The rest of the hall is filled with large pictures by Paul Veronese, Titian, and Bellini. The whole palace is full of interest, and I took great pleasure in exploring, by the help of a guide, the old cells and dungeons, which are connected with the council chamber by the "Bridge of Sighs."

Rome, Oct. 21st. I arrived here from Venice on the morning of the 12th, having been twenty-five hours on the road. We had some delay in entering the city, as all the railroad bridges were blown up during the late fighting, and have not yet been rebuilt. The wall around Rome is an irregular, zigzag structure, mainly of brick, with towers and bastions of all forms and kinds of masonry, which are all very ancient, some of them having been built by Servius Tullius. They have always been kept in repair, but many of the ancient gates are now closed, and some of the towers are dropping away with age. During the late siege many of the gates were badly damaged, and large breaches were made in the walls.

Modern Rome only occupies about a third of the ground inclosed within the walls, and the old city, or what was known as the seven hills, is now almost entirely uninhabited. The population of the city is now only about 200,000.

One of the first places I went to see was the Colosseum—the greatest of antique structures. Although about eighteen hundred years old, there is no reason in the world why it should not to-day be in almost as good condition as when first built. It was of solid stone and iron, and could have stood as long as the hills but for the destroying hands of man. It was robbed hundreds of years ago of its iron and marble, and until a comparatively recent period was used as a quarry, from which were built churches and palaces. It covers about six acres of land, and would hold about 100,000 people. The upper row of seats is about 150 feet above the arena, and one gets a better idea of the size and massiveness from this point than from any other. Within a radius of half a mile from this position are many of the most important remains of antiquity. As you stand looking toward the Capitoline Hill, you see at its foot the remains of the Roman Forum. There the arch of Septimius Severus stands almost entire, and there are portions of the colonnades of three temples, with large masses of stone and brick scattered over a space of several acres. At the left and almost at your feet is the arch of Constantine, erected in 311, at the time he declared himself in favor of Christianity. The best part of it was made up from a triumphal arch of Trajan, which used to stand at the entrance of Trajan's Forum. It was a common habit with the rulers of the third and fourth centuries to patch up their works in this way. A little beyond and more to the left are the ruins of the palace



of the Cæsars, evacuated by order of the Emperor Napoleon III. In front and to the right you see the arch of Titus, under which no Jew will pass, and still more to the right the basilica of Constantine, the temple of Faustina, and the immense piles of stone and brick where once stood the gilded, bronze, colossal statue of Nero. The baths of Titus and of Caracalla are behind you on the right and left, and wherever you turn your eyes you see something to remind you of ancient Rome. Still you are surprised to find that, in comparison with modern buildings, old Rome was small and confined. The largest temple was much smaller than Girard college, and none of the columns left standing will equal in size and solidity those on our public buildings at Washington. The ruins of the baths are very extensive, but we cannot compare them with our modern buildings, any more than we can compare an open structure like the Colosseum with the Crystal palace or the ruins of a Central park. The Arch of Triumph at Paris would take the four or five that are left in Rome and swallow them up and cry for more, and modern St. Peter's would take the Pantheon, the largest and best preserved of the ancient temples, under its dome.

Naples, Nov. 15th. I arrived here from Rome on the afternoon of Oct. 21st. My window looks out on the bay of Naples, and I can paint and read all day, and go and come as I please, conscious that in all this great city there is no one to care for or trouble me. I sit at my window and paint water and cloud studies,

and light and shadow effects on Vesuvius ; and, excepting when I go round to the banker's, I pass whole days without speaking to a single soul. S. was down for a few days, but he has now gone back to Rome, to which place I go to-day or to-morrow.

Although Naples is the largest city in Italy, it is the least attractive of any, so far as its historical interest or its collections of art are concerned. The great charm of the place is in its natural surroundings and the beauty and interest that may be found for miles around it. The city itself is unattractive, and you may walk the streets for hours and not find a face with an honest expression, or one you would dare to trust.

The churches and picture galleries seem common-place, after seeing those of Florence and Rome, but the museum is one of the best in Europe. Here you see the vast collections from Pompeii and Herculaneum and other localities of Naples and Sicily. The gallery of bronze statues is said to be the largest single collection in the world ; these, as well as about two thousand frescos, also the four thousand specimens of ancient glass, and several departments devoted to the display of terra-cotta ware, vases, gems, and all kinds of furniture and cooking utensils are nearly all from Pompeii. The Villa Reale, which lies between the chiaja and the sea, is the principal promenade of the city, and commands a view of the beautiful bay, the beauty of which it would be impossible to exaggerate.

On the 4th of this month I took a run down to Pompeii, and engaged a room at a little hotel near one of

the entrances to the buried city, and where I had also from my window a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, as well as of the old city and of the working party, which was making excavations. I spent nearly a week here, making sketches in oil round the country, as well as in the old city.

On the 7th I ascended Mt. Vesuvius. It was a glorious day. I should have enjoyed it more, if I had had some one with me beside the boy who ran behind my pony. After a ride of about seven miles we reached the cone, which rises about 1500 feet, and is so steep that no horse or donkey can go up, so I dismounted and commenced to climb, followed by three or four villainous looking fellows, who stayed right behind me and would not leave. There was not a human being in sight, excepting these men, and as I was going up a side of the mountain where I should not be likely to meet any travelers, I was in some danger. In fact, I have since been told that no one thinks of going alone with these men, as they are nearly all brigands in disguise, and are on the lookout for every chance to rob.

I have been troubled for a long time with a hacking cough, but I have not given much attention to it, except to, now and then, take cod liver oil, and a little extra care as to my diet; but in climbing this cone I became, for the first time, aware of how little real strength I now have, in comparison with my condition last spring at Mentone, where I used to climb the highest peaks with little fatigue. But now, after going about half way up, I was completely exhausted, and

was obliged to strike a bargain with the three fellows who followed me, to get me up the rest of the way, which, after a good deal of pushing and pulling, they were able to do. After a while they took me into a thick cloud of sulphur, where I believe I should have fainted, had I not been afraid they would have robbed me and then thrown me into the crater. The mountain is quite active now, and there is every indication of an eruption, the people say.

Rome, Dec. 10th. I arrived here from Naples on the 15th of last month. S.'s room and studio is just round the corner from me, in the artists' quarter. I have made an arrangement to work with him this winter, when my health will allow, but judging from present appearances I shall do but little work, although I am now a member of the government school, and have every advantage to cultivate drawing and painting, as well as my voice. I see nothing before me but a winter of sickness.

There is no doubt, I suppose, that I have been in consumption for the past year, but I might have kept on for some time and not have known it, if I had only kept away from Vesuvius; that was a little too much, and started me into what is called a decline. I could not sleep nights, had no appetite, was suffering from bad cough and great debility, and I found it harder work every day to get up to my room. S. thought I had better see a doctor, so on the 1st of this month we went to see Dr. G. He gave me a thorough examination, and as I wished to know the truth, he told me


that I was in the third stage of consumption; that I must have had tubercles on my lungs for nearly a year; that I must give up all idea of work or study, and give my whole time to the care of my health. The idea of going back to America was not to be thought of in my present condition. In fact I was to understand that if I grew much worse I should die.

The past month has been very stormy; we have hardly had one pleasant day, and certainly not one in which it has not rained. From the 27th to the 30th of last month the lower portions of the city were under water, the Tiber having risen thirty-five feet. People in some of the hotels were obliged to get out of the second story windows into boats, and for three days the Corso was many feet under water. It was the greatest rise of the river without exception, I believe, since the thirteenth century. Fortunately our house is on high ground, and although our cellar was full, it did not reach the ground floor. Many millions of property have been destroyed and a number of lives lost. Although the water was seen to gradually rise, the people are so stupid that they did little or nothing but talk and wring their hands, and very little property in consequence was removed from the stores.

Have made several visits to St. Peter's. I find the more I go, the larger and more grand the church appears. I had the same experience at Niagara Falls, and have often observed that the second and third hearing of an opera is the most pleasing. I suppose that in the first view of anything grand, we attempt to

grasp the whole, and so fail to see the few and most important points. In each subsequent visit we learn to drop unimportant details, and are thus enabled to see more clearly the grandeur of the structure. For me to attempt to describe when and how St. Peter's was built, the length, breadth, and height, and all about the piazza, obelisk, and fountains in front, would take too much time, and my guide books have all these facts, and everybody has read Hillard's *Six Months in Italy*, one of the most truthful and interesting books of travel ever written. It is, in fact, almost a hand-book for Italy, and no one interested in art should travel without it. I was fortunate in going to the top of the dome before my sickness came on. Although much higher, it is not so difficult to climb as the one in Florence, but the view is most magnificent.

Hillard, in speaking of the apparent want of magnitude, which most people feel when they enter the church for the first time, says: "This, deemed by some a defect and by others a merit, is, strictly speaking, neither the one or the other, but the inevitable result of the style of architecture in which St. Peter's is built. This structure, like every work of art, should be judged with reference to its aim and purpose. It is not in the form of a basilica, and we violate an elementary canon of criticism, when we apply to it the rules by which the excellence of a basilica is tried. . . . In a gothic cathedral, for instance, the statues are of the size of life, because, by the natural standard they furnish to the eye, the apparent height of the roof and



the shafts is enhanced ; but in St. Peter's the statues are all on a colossal scale. The cherubs which support a vase of holy water, near the door, are of seemingly infantile proportions, but they are really upwards of six feet high. Not only is harmony of proportion an essential attribute of a building like St. Peter's, but its immense size makes it unnecessary to enlarge its apparent dimensions."

This is what he says about the dome : "Astonishment and admiration break upon the mind and carry it away. To say that the dome of St. Peter's is sublime is a cold common-place. In sublimity it is so much beyond all other architectural creations, that it demands epithets of its own. There is no work of man's hands that is similar or second to it." This is rather strong, in view of the fact that the dome of the Pantheon is three feet greater in diameter, 142 feet, and that of the dome at Florence is not only larger and higher, measured from base to top, but has also an interior diameter of 138½ feet. It is its superior height from the pavement to the base, that gives the impression that this dome is the greatest work of man.

C. E. and myself have been to several places the past week. Before this I had been confined to my room, and for a part of the time, to my bed, with pleurisy. I have been blistered and doctored in the most approved style, and have been told to stay in the house, except on certain fair days at fixed hours ; but I give the doctor the slip now and then, and have this afternoon just returned with a large party from the Vatican. As St.

Peter's is the largest church, so is this the greatest palace in the world; it is said to contain between four and five thousand apartments, and, with its gardens, covers a large space. Here Pope Pius IX. has shut himself up with his Swiss guards, and claims to be a prisoner, but this is all false. The pope is not popular with the Romans. As far as I can discover, the church has very little hold on the affections of the people. I have been to a large number of churches, and have been surprised to find how few attend services, and these I have found to be mostly women. In fact, I have not yet seen a single man in the confessional box.

But to return to the Vatican. We went in on a pass from Antonelli, for since the Italian troops have held the city, the place has been closed to the public. After passing several miles, I should say, of antique statues, we reached the cortile of the Belvedere, where are assembled the gems of the collection. First on the left is the "Apollo." I had heard and read so much about this statue that I was prepared for perfection, but was surprised to find myself disappointed at the first glance. I went back to it several times, in the hope that I could overcome this feeling, but what I at first found to be a general dislike, at last concentrated upon the face, which is that of a woman, and the legs, which, to me, are too long and thin. The figure is very light and graceful, and no doubt anatomically correct, but each time I left it more and more disappointed. The face is that of a woman thirty-five years of age, I should judge, and the figure that of a young man of twenty.

I like Canova's "Perseus" better, but the "Antinous Belvedere" is to me more beautiful than either; it is with the exception of the Antinous of the capital, to me, the most beautiful male figure in the world. The Laocoön is simply wonderful, and I suppose very few people ever say anything else about it. The Two Boxers are very careful anatomical studies, and, as such, are perhaps unequaled by anything in the Vatican. Near by is the Torso of Hercules, which Michael Angelo is said to have so much admired. Among the many other marbles that I saw were many that were familiar to me by copies and photographs, and hundreds that were new.

There are only about fifty pictures in the gallery of the Vatican, but these are of great value. First among them in interest is Raphael's "Transfiguration." It was his last work, but an unfinished one at the time of his death. While I am quite willing to admit the greater part of the extraordinary and lavish praise given to this picture, by nearly all who have written about it, yet I cannot help thinking that the following defects are overlooked in a measure, simply because Raphael painted it and the world has judged it perfect: First, the figure of Christ is nearly double the size of Moses and Elijah, who are also in the air, and flank him on either side. Second, Mount Tabor is represented as a mound of earth about ten feet high, around the base of which are gathered a crowd of figures, painted mostly by the pupils of Raphael, and clothed in robes of the brightest hue; among them I noticed three

shades of yellow. Third, these figures, instead of having their attention drawn to the wonderful transfiguration that takes place but a few feet above them, are more interested in the movements of a boy who is evidently in convulsions from a fit. Fourth, Peter, James, and John, overcome by the wonderful glory around them, are covering their faces from the light, but two of Raphael's friends, one dressed as a monk, with the top of his head shaved, are looking on in the most quiet and self-possessed way imaginable. All this may have a very deep and poetic meaning, but it is beyond me. The face of Christ is to me the chief value of the picture. Opposite, is the "Communion of St. Jerome," which is considered the next greatest picture. If truth and harmony, wonderful reality and fidelity to nature could be looked upon as a test of artistic greatness, this picture would long ago have been regarded as the first in the collection; but so long as Ruskin and other dreaming idealists control popular opinion on art matters, truth and fidelity to nature will be regarded as too common-place and practical, and what is often absurd and grotesque will be looked upon as the result of genius. Hillard says: "The fire of genius never burns along his lines" (Domenichino); but he also says: "The Communion of St. Jerome is not an ideal work; it is remarkable, more than anything else, for its truth and powerful reality. The emaciated form of the dying saint is painted with a painful fidelity to nature. Everything is accurately delineated, costume, attitude, expression, and drapery. The unity of the

subject is carefully preserved, and all the accessories are made subordinate to the simplicity of the main action. The composition is careful and natural, and the coloring rich and true."


In the Sistine chapel I saw Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," which fills a space of sixty feet by thirty. The coloring when fresh may have been pleasing and natural, but time, dampness, and the smoke of incense have so obliterated it, that now it has but little more color than is to be found in a hot iron drawing on wood, only instead of its being of a brown hue, it is more like a dirty blue. I was obliged to look carefully for a moment to discover on which side were the blest, and on which the damned. The composition of all the pictures in this chapel is very grand, but I did not discover the fact until I had examined the photographs of them. When looked at from the pavement, they are a confused mass of legs, arms, and bodies. The day was beautiful, yet the pictures were, and are always, seen in a dim light. Some of the single figures of the prophets and sibyls are clear, and can be seen to advantage, but one gets tired after a while of seeing nothing but brawny, coarse, muscular figures; you expect occasionally to see refined and delicate limbs, but you may look in vain among Michael Angelo's works.

After passing through the loggias of Raphael, which are divided into thirteen arcades, all of which are painted after designs by Raphael, we come to the stanza, or four chambers, in which are several large and beautiful pictures from the designs of the same artist;

although much of the work was done by him, and much more by his students, they are no doubt great works of art, but that they are works of perfection, as most persons are accustomed to call them, I have my doubts, although it is fashionable, I know, to say so. But perhaps opinion in time will change, and fidelity to nature, and truth in proportion, and harmony in color will be the test that all pictures will demand. We do indeed even now ask this from our modern painters, but are quite willing to overlook the most glaring untruths when we find them in the works of the old masters. There are a great many other things to be seen in the Vatican, and a person should spend at least a week here, if he expects to see all that is worth seeing. The library is the oldest in Europe.

I have made a good many friends here, and have all the society I want, without going out evenings for it, except to go to the opera now and then with some of the people in the house, several of whom have boxes for the season.

Last week I went to the reception given to General Sheridan by T. Buchanon Reed, the author of "Sheridan's Ride." The company was large and brilliant. A few nights after this I went to the Colosseum to see the effect by moonlight. We had quite a jolly time, and on our way home stopped the carriage and took part in the fair which was going on in one of the large squares. Every one was blowing horns and making all the noise possible. It reminded me of the fair I had



seen in Amsterdam, only the Italians are more polite than the Dutch.


N. arrived here on the 5th. R. is also here, and we are all painting from one model. I should mention, however, that I don't average more than twice a week at the studio. I am in fact quite an invalid. For the past month I have been confined to the house much of the time; my cough holds on, and the pleurisy has given me a great deal of trouble. The people at the house are very social, and every day parties are formed to go sight seeing. I have taken several rides on the Campagna, and have also been to a great fox hunt, at which I saw the prince and princess and most of the great people of Rome, but the best hunters were English, as well as the hounds.

The Campagna is very much like one of our American prairies, and is inclosed on three sides by the Sabine, and Alban Hills, the fourth side reaches to the sea, and Rome is about in the center. The whole territory comprises about 450,000 acres, and is owned largely by the church, which receives a good revenue by letting it out to middle men, who sub-let to small farmers. Although the soil is very rich, but little of it is under cultivation. Large herds of cattle and sheep feed there the year round. But few people can live long, exposed to the poison of the air, and the farmers are obliged to send to the neighboring hills for men and women to gather the crops; even these, in the few days that they are employed, die off like sheep.

There is something very charming in the landscape

of the Campagna, which of course is greatly heightened by the ruins of the aqueducts, which stretch across the horizon for many miles. They are very beautiful in their decay, and are covered in many places with climbing plants and other verdure. There are several roads that cross the Campagna, the most interesting of which is the Appian Way, which is, in fact, the old Roman mail route. In many places the old, original pavement, composed of massive blocks of volcanic stone, is laid bare, while on either side for some miles are the ruins of old tombs and villas, some of which were quite ancient when our Saviour walked the earth. We ride out on this road quite often, and have explored several interesting tombs, some of which are very extensive. I have made several sketches in oil, and have given two of them to Misses M. and T., both of whom have been very friendly to me this winter.

The other day I went, with Misses W. and M., to do the Palatine Hill, which takes in the old imperial palaces, the Circus Maximus, the ruins of several temples, as well as the houses of Cæsar, Cicero, and Clodius. There is also a museum here of the most interesting objects which have been found in the course of the excavations. The ladies expected to find Miss Alcott, and after a long search we found her sketching away with real yankee grit, in a place that we could not reach, unless we went around the ruins about half a mile. On our way home we stopped for a few moments at the museum of the capitol to have another look at



the "Dying Gladiator," although the authorities say it is a "Dying Gaul." But after reading Byron's stanza on this statue we shall have to go back on the "latest opinion." Gladiator or Gaul, it is a man dying. Of this fact we are positive, and the marble tells its own story as strongly as if it was flesh, and we could hear its death cries. This is to me the nearest approach to nature of anything I have yet seen in the collections of antiques. Near it is the statue of Antinous, which is beauty itself. Of course every one reads the Marble Fawn, and most of the people in our house are having it illustrated with photographs and bound in vellum. The statue is here, but it hardly comes up to our expectations, after reading Hawthorne's glowing description.

Considering that I am a sick man, under orders to stay in the house, I have seen a good deal of Rome during the past month. Some of the villas around the city have very beautiful grounds, in which you may ride or walk for hours. On pleasant afternoons we ride out to them, returning generally through the gardens of the Pincio, which is now the favorite promenade, and where we are quite sure to hear good music from one of the military bands.

There are more than three hundred churches in Rome, of which I have seen many, if not all that are really worth seeing. St. Paul's, without the walls, is the most beautiful church I have ever seen; the time to see it to advantage is quite late in the afternoon, when the sun streams through the large colored win-

dows. St. John Lateran, Ste. Maria Maggiore, and one or two others are perhaps larger and possibly more interesting, but certainly not so beautiful. Almost every one in our house is of the same opinion, and yet the guide books have little to say about it, and many travelers do not even mention it. The reason is this,—this church is the most modern one in Rome, the old one having been destroyed in 1826, and it is not considered an evidence of refined taste to admire the works of the present generation, although it has given us the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the Mt. Cenis tunnel, and the Suez canal. When this church is a few hundred years old, I have no doubt it will be mentioned with the others.

I have been several times to the Pantheon, which is one of the best preserved of all the ancient buildings. It is seen to great disadvantage, however, the new city having grown up around and partially covered it. The surrounding streets are all higher than the door-way, and the granite steps are in places covered out of sight. The portico is very beautiful and rests on sixteen columns of the corinthian order, but the dome is the most remarkable portion of the structure, and has a circular opening at the top, twenty-eight feet in diameter, which gives all the light and air, and has a very peculiar effect in its illumination. During the late flood, there was about fifteen feet of water on the floor, and the damage done to the altars was considerable. It is to be hoped that they wont attempt to restore them, as they are quite out of place with their tawdry

decorations. Raphael and some others are buried here.

March 1, 1871. Since writing last, nothing very unusual has happened that I am aware of. My health continues about the same, although Dr. G. declares that the cavity in the top of my right lung has closed up. This may or may not be true. Doctors, I find, have a way of making your case a very bad one when they take it, and are apt to exaggerate the progress of cure about the time you are getting ready to leave them. For my part I can't see any apparent improvement in my case.

Rome has been very gay the past few weeks, partially owing to the fact that the prince and his very pretty wife are here, but principally to the great success of the carnival and the crowds of people which have been drawn here in consequence. A Roman carnival would be entirely out of place in the United States. The idea of our money-getting, money-worshipping people allowing the principal business street of one of our large towns to be given up for one week to the sole pleasure and enjoyment of the people, could not be thought of for a moment. Yet in Rome it seems perfectly correct, and the idea of dressing in a masquerade costume, with a wire mask and a big bag of "confetti," and either riding in a gaily decked carriage, or standing on flower festooned balconies, and pelting and being pelted by everybody you see, and keeping this up for days, is perfectly proper. After people get worked up to the right state of feeling, it is surprising

to see with what spirit the elderly American and English gentlemen and their wives give and take in this most exciting battle. To walk through the Corso in the middle of the afternoon is like being exposed to a terrible hail storm ; you get it right and left, and must never lose your temper, even if you happen to get a handful of powder in your eyes. Of course the ladies are all in the balconies, and the gentlemen ride in open carriages or large boats trimmed with flags and flowers, and drawn by many gaily decked horses. Large bouquets of flowers, as well as beautiful bon-bons, are thrown to the ladies on the balconies, who generally return the favor, or sometimes a carriage will stop, and a regular pitched battle of confetti will be carried on for some minutes, the ladies being all masked and in costume.

The whole city gives itself up to this pleasure, and with music and a horse race every afternoon down the Corso, and a grand candle carnival, in which every one tries to put out his neighbor's light, the week's pleasure passes rapidly along, and everybody is good-natured and jolly. There are no Irishmen in Rome, so the carnival generally passes off without any rows or broken heads. Several of my friends had balconies on the Corso, for some of which as high as eight hundred francs were paid. The R's had one of the best, and I spent most of my time with them. The B's also had one, as well as several from our house, but I was too sick to visit round much. The carnival is said to have been the most successful one for twenty years. It

has certainly more than equaled my expectations, and is quite up to the description in the *Improvisatore* of Hans Christian Anderson.

The other day we formed quite a large party, and went out to the catacombs of St. Priscilla, which are just beyond the Porta Salara. We spent about two hours under ground, and viewed with great interest some of the early frescos of the second century, one of which, "The Madonna and Child," is the first picture of this subject that is known to exist. Some think it was painted in the third century. We also saw several pictures representing Jonah thrown out of a ship, but I noticed that there was always a big dragon ready to swallow him, but never a fish. The pictures are all small and very rude, and are of a lower order of art than the paintings found in Pompeii. Prof. Smyth of Andover, who was in the party, explained everything of interest as we went along, and we were all very much pleased and instructed. I have been on several other excursions lately, and have managed to know Rome pretty well by this time. I have painted a number of small sketches the past month, but have done very little in the studio.


I think I can say from experience that Rome, although a most interesting place to visit, is one of the worst cities in the world to live in. It is in the midst of a sickly and depopulated county; it has no business except what it can make out of strangers; its imports do not amount to anything, and its exports are principally statuary, paintings, and jewelry; its markets

have what the cardinals and other high church livers don't want, and the variety is never large. No encouragement is given for the erection of new buildings, and until quite recently there has been no disposition to introduce modern improvements into the houses. The restaurants are poor with the exception of one or two high priced ones. Rome is in fact one of the most expensive cities in Europe; it has cost me much more this winter at Madam F.'s, than I have ever paid for single board in New York. I have never been able to warm my room on cold days so as to make it comfortable, although I have paid two and one-half francs for a basket of green olive wood, and have sometimes used one of these in a day; the mercury has never been above 65° in my room, and although I have worn heavy underclothing all winter, and have seen ice in the streets but two or three times, I can safely say that in the past two months I have suffered more with the cold than ever before in my life,—and yet the grass is green, flowers are blooming, and the orange and lemon trees are full of fruit. The houses have stone floors, loose windows, and little fire-places built in out of sight and not capable of holding more than a handful of wood, and this is so very expensive that only Americans are said to burn it. The passage-ways to most of the houses are dark, narrow, and damp. You are obliged, if you are a student and lodge in the artist's quarter, to carry bits of candles in your pockets, and when you go home at night, you light one of these and find your way up to your room as best you can,

taking care that you don't stumble into something or somebody. If you have a night key, which generally weighs about half a pound, you can get to your room after some hard work ; but if you have not, and are obliged to bang away at the door of the floor on which you live, you may have to wait some time before you hear a voice asking who you are and what you want. If your answer is satisfactory, you hear a ponderous bolt pushed back, you close the door after you, and it locks with a spring, but you see no one for it is perfectly dark ; you may discover the next day that the bolt is connected by a long string with the room of the party who lets out the rooms to you. The Romans are in fact very careful not to open their doors until they are perfectly satisfied of their personal safety. The streets are narrow and the houses high ; there are no sidewalks, excepting narrow ones on the Corso, and the mud is in winter quite heavy at times, but no worse than is generally found in our Broadway after a storm.

There are not so many beggars in Rome as I had supposed. I don't know but I have been troubled more on 14th street, New York, than I ever have been here. The street peddlers are very numerous, but strange to say, the hand organs are not half so plenty as in London, or almost any American city. People can live cheap in Rome if they are satisfied to eat only what the natives eat, and to sleep in the same kind of lodgings that the respectable middle classes occupy. But if they want to live as well as the same class in the United States, they will have to pay very dearly,

and then they will find that many things, which we consider necessities at home, cannot be bought here for any money, as for instance, hot and cold water and gas in your bedroom. A furnace for heating the house is something unheard of, and a bath-room almost as rare. It is even hard to have a good coal fire, for love or money. Instead of good, honest cook stoves or ranges for cooking, they have little, open charcoal fires; how they manage to cook over them is a mystery to me. The landlady of a friend of mine put eggs into cold water to boil, and did not know how to make a simple custard, and yet she was a woman of sixty years, and occupied the same social position as an ordinary American woman of the middle class. She could boil macaroni, and fix up a mess of greens, and occasionally cook a piece of meat, but this is about all, except a little soup. Wine is very cheap, and they don't drink it so much as we do. An Englishman or an American could drink an Italian drunk in a little while on his own native drink. Brandy they seldom take, except in very small quantities, and I cannot now remember having ever seen a Roman drunk, or at least what we should call drunk at home. Vegetables are poor of kind and few of variety, from the fact that they use but little dressing in their soil. Green corn is unknown, or at least I have never seen it in any part of Europe, neither have I seen squash or Lima beans. Peas are rare, and the pods are often cooked in Germany. Fruits, with the exception of grapes, are not so abundant or good as in New York. Apples and pears




are poor, and the oranges sour. Pine apples, bananas, and peaches are rare in comparison with our markets. Manderines, a small kind of orange, and fresh figs, are good, but strawberries are very poor and rare. Oysters are small and very expensive, and lobsters are hard to find. Much of the above will not apply to England or the countries of northern Europe, but it will be safe to say that, take Europe as a whole, even the higher classes do not have the luxuries and comforts of our well-to-do middle classes, if we leave out of the comparison the two items of servants and horses, both of which are cheaper, and the former much better, than with us, I am told, although my experience has been that they are good only so long as you fee them. Railway traveling, especially if one has baggage, is more expensive, but far more safe, than with us. Theaters and operas are very numerous and cheap in Italy, and a very good seat can be had in the parquet for about forty cents. Only ladies sit in the boxes, which inclose the pit, and which usually rise in five or six tiers from the floor to the ceiling. There are several theaters in Italy which have over two hundred private boxes, but the buildings as a whole are not so rich or large as ours, although the drop scenery is better.

For an art student who has health, and a few hundred dollars a year, Rome is no doubt a good place to study. I am a member of St. Luke's academy, but my sickness has prevented my going there, so I cannot draw any comparisons with the Paris schools. Draped models are good, and can be had for two and one-half

francs for a four hours' sitting, but good nude figures are not so plenty, or so good, as in Paris. An artist in Rome can live in a garret and dine on macaroni, and it will not affect his social standing. If he wants figures or interior subjects, he will find abundant material all around him, or he can go to Albano, or Tivoli, for landscapes, to say nothing of the beautiful campagna that surrounds the city on all sides. Beside all this, there is an air of poetry and romance in Italy, such as one never feels in America. If an artist can only become accustomed to the manners and customs of the people, without sacrificing health, and does not stay so long that he forgets his Yankee pluck and push, and does not settle down to the easy-going life of a Roman,—then I should say Rome was a good place to study in.

There are, or were a few months ago, about nine thousand people in Rome directly connected with the church, and depending on it for support. The people seem to show but little respect for the priests. S.'s landlady refused last week to let her best room to a bishop, although he offered her a high price. The monks of the Cappuccini, who have a large garden not far from our studio, are so lazy that they hire men to keep it in order, although they do not scruple to go out on the streets and beg for money to keep their institution in funds.

Sorrento, April 9, 1871. N. and myself left Rome on the 2d of March, and arrived on the evening of the 3d at Castellamare, and put up for the night at Hotel



Royal, being too much fatigued to push on to Sorrento, which was about two hours' ride further on, by carriage. The next day, at noon, after exploring the town and seeing many things of interest, we engaged an open carriage with three horses, and after a delightful ride of two hours, over the most beautiful and romantic road in southern Italy, arrived at the Tramontano. Our rooms are in the Pension, although we have the use of the hotel, which is at the end of the garden, and, like our house, overlooks the bay. This is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful places in the world, and one of the few places in Europe whose charms have not been overrated. We tried very hard for the first week or two, to do some painting out of doors but had to give it up; we have both, however, done some painting in our rooms. I have made several excursions into the country, and have taken a number of sketches. We are both very miserable, and if we continue to run down much faster, there is a chance that one or both of us will never get home. I have concluded to give up my idea of reaching England by land, and have arranged to go with N. by water, the doctor at Naples having advised us to take a Cunard steamer from that place to Liverpool. I have thrown away the four or five preparations the doctor has given me, and have concluded to take no medicine from this time forward, but to rely on nature, good food, and a cheerful disposition, and take my chances. If it was not for mother and Annie, I should be perfectly indifferent as to the result.

Steamer Morocco, April 12, 1871. We sailed to-day

at twelve o'clock, both of us very miserable and tired with the exertion of running round town and making our purchases. The weather is delightful, and the sea is as calm as the Hudson river.

Here ended the account of his foreign travels. The journey home was uneventful, and the experiences of an invalid, which awaited him on his return to his native land, we will let him describe in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HIS VIEWS UPON PRACTICAL SUBJECTS.

THE last chapter contains many intimations of Mr. Harward's failing health, intimations which the months after his return home confirmed with more and more emphasis.

But his hold upon life, with its pleasures and duties, did not relax all at once. One by one the occupations which he held dear, fell from his grasp, but it was long before his earnest spirit would allow him to confess himself a confirmed invalid. For some time after his return from abroad, he had a studio in New York. Then he was compelled to seek new vigor among the breezy hills of Bethel, in his native state.

During this period, he put down in his journal the views which form the substance of this chapter.


Although there is nothing particularly novel in these views, yet his friends, we are sure, would not forgive us should we omit them from this memoir, since they mirror so well his sturdy common sense, and show us the characteristic workings of his mind.

BETHEL, Oct. 1st, 1872.

We arrived here August 5th, and expect to leave for Portland to-day. We have the same rooms that we had last year. I have been unable to take any long tramps this summer, and have also been unable to go on any drives, except, now and then, to go over to the village. Annie has been very miserable all summer, but has been able to take most of her meals at the table. The company has been very pleasant, more so than last year, and although I was, much of the time, the only man in the house, I still made out to get along very pleasantly. A number of the Boston women were rather strong-minded, and took high grounds in favor of woman suffrage. I took sides against them, and we had several battles. The following conversation will express the views I then had, and still hold :

"Well, Uncle Ben, do you think the women will ever vote in this country?"

"That is a matter that I suppose will rest entirely with themselves. If a considerable majority of them want to vote, they will. The influence of woman has never been exaggerated, and is due largely, I suppose, to the high social power she now holds, and which we are always ready to grant her. The man whose opinion on Wall street is law and gospel, finds himself of little importance in the drawing-room. He discovers, if he never found out the fact before, that there is an inner and an outer world, and that woman controls the one quite as much as man does the other. If he is wise, he will make no effort to dispute her social and domestic



power, and if she is as shrewd as I think most women are, she will never, except when forced by necessity, attempt to compete with him, either in business or politics. But when thus forced to take the field, let them, if possible, have an equal chance with man. But the more I look into the matter, the less chance I see of this ever being brought about by legislation. As a teacher, a writer, an artist, or any other occupation that will keep them within a feminine sphere, they will without doubt have a fair field. But I can't see how she is ever to have an equal chance in any occupation which throws her directly into competition with the outside masculine world. You see the fact is just this,—men do not like masculine women, and when she starts a brokerage business, or runs a newspaper, or parts her hair on the side, and affects manly ways, or wants to vote and run for office, she seems just as much out of place as a man does who stays at home to look after the children, to attend to the dinner, and to make afternoon calls. Any woman would be disgusted with such a person ; and I believe, to-day, the large majority of the American women are opposed to the suffrage question, because they see it will tend to make them more masculine, and thus lessen their influence. Men and women were never made to do the same work, and in the countries where they labor side by side, you will find that the men become effeminate and the women masculine.

“In Ireland, women's rights are in practical operation among the lower classes. In Cork and other cities,

men and women stand at the public bars and drink together. The streets of many of the cities are cleaned by females. Men and women work together in the fields, and fight each other, often on equal terms. It is the same in Italy and in many parts of Austria, and as a result, you will find that there is very little mutual regard between the sexes ; certainly none of that delicate attention is shown by the men, that one is accustomed to see everywhere in America. There is no disguising the fact that a woman's great object in life is to marry, and become the mother of a family, and when she fails in this, her life is a failure in the same sense that a man has failed to become a good citizen, who finds himself unable to support a wife and children. So long as the average American man can earn money enough to support himself and wife, the boy will be educated to work, and the girl to marry. When our country becomes as poor as many of the rural districts of Europe, then our women will have to do men's work, but not before."

"But then, Uncle Ben, you know there is a large number of women who never marry, and in New England some thousands who can't, for the reason that they greatly outnumber the males ; now, how are they to make a living under our present law ?"

"Well, so far as I know, there is no law in the United States to prevent a woman from making a living. As I said before, I don't think a woman stands so good a chance as a man in the race for money or power, although our laws protect her where they do not a man,

and give her all his privileges, and others that he cannot claim. But so far as the opportunity of making a living is concerned, I can't see but that her chance is quite equal to his ; she can certainly start with an equal education. In fact, the average American girl is probably better educated than the average American boy, taking the whole country through. More than seventy of our colleges admit women on equal terms with men. She can preach the gospel, practice medicine, lecture, run a newspaper or post-office, write, paint, keep shop, and so far as I can tell, her pay is regulated by the same law of supply and demand that governs that of the man. The best workman will always draw the highest pay, and if men, as a class, are preferred, it is because their profession is to them a life-long work, while with most women, it is simply a temporary occupation which all of them hope, and most of them expect, will some day be brought to an abrupt end, by the marriage relation. Now I have heard intelligent ladies say that one of the first laws that they intend to pass, after the right to vote has been given them, is one making the pay of men and women in all branches of labor the same. This to me seems very absurd, as no amount of law-making can ever regulate the price, either of property or labor, unless the law-makers have the entire monopoly, as, for instance, they have in the collection of the postal rates and taxes. Government may make a certain number of hours a legal day's work, but no amount of legislation can prevent a man's offering ten or even fifteen hours of his time

each day, and accepting the largest price it will bring in the market. If women fail to obtain equal pay with man, for equal work, it is because they have overcrowded certain occupations, and the supply is in excess of the demand, or, as I have before intimated, because the average workmanship is not up to the required standard. Perhaps one difficulty is that they are all looking for employment that is highly genteel. Now, a boy commences life on one hundred dollars a year, to sweep out a store, build the office fire, and run errands, while his sister objects to going out to do plain sewing, and the idea of housework for good pay and board is quite out of the question.

"Some of my lady friends tell me it is very difficult to find good dressmakers who will come and work at their houses, and I am told that in the neighboring town of B—there are no less than six families boarding at the hotel, who were obliged to give up house-keeping for lack of female help. Now I remember a few years ago of putting an advertisement in the Herald for a porter, and of receiving more than fifty answers, many of them from young men, who, judging from their letters, were capable of holding responsible positions. They did not object to any kind of hard work, and were willing, most of them, to accept very moderate pay. Now it does seem to me that the position of a sewing girl or chamber-maid in a good, genteel family, is quite as respectable as that of a porter in a jobbing house."

"That may be ; but still so long as many women have to fight their way in the world, why should any

privileges granted to a man be withheld from her? You say she has all the legal rights of man, and others which he has not, but you certainly forget that she cannot vote."

"That is very true, but, as I said before, I am inclined to think our law-makers will give her this right when they know that the majority of them want it. But so far as I can judge, the present leaders in the movement don't represent the opinions of the mothers of America, and as the mothers are in the majority, and control our law-makers, I can hardly see how any woman's movement, controlled principally by unmarried females, can succeed, without a more hearty co-operation on the part of married women than is now manifested. The fact is, it is hard work to get up a great feeling over an imaginary wrong, and when you come to look at this matter fairly, it is difficult to see any real hardship in the law that forbids her voting. No one, I suppose, doubts that as a citizen she has the same natural rights as a man; but so long as we have a government, we should be willing at times to sacrifice our individual rights, when it is necessary for the public good. Now our law says that all men over and under a certain age, are liable to forced military duty in time of war, but that all women, and all men of certain age and condition, are exempt; that all men under certain conditions, and of the age of twenty-one and upwards, are authorized to cast their vote for public officers, and that all men under twenty-one years and all women are excluded from the polls. The hardship of

forcing a certain portion of the community to bear arms, exempting the rest, is, on the face of it, as great a violation of personal rights, as privileging a certain class to vote, and excluding the rest. Yet if, as the female reformers claim, the government has no right to regard the sex of its citizens, the law exempting able-bodied young women from military duty, is unjust to the males, who are obliged to serve. So long as men and women are different by nature, the governing powers must recognize the fact; therefore the law which exempts the only son of a widow from military duty, is perfectly just, and no widower with an only son would think of complaining of its injustice to his sex. The truth is, the women of our country are more favored by our laws than the men, and it is right that they should be, and in no country in the world are they so universally respected and admired as with us."

"But don't you think, Uncle Ben, that if our women were less dependent, there would be more happy marriages than at present; that many who marry now from necessity, would be more particular in their choice, and not take up with the first good offer without regard to the question of love?"

"I think the evil to which you allude has been greatly exaggerated. Of course, both sexes often make sad mistakes in the selection of partners, but I can hardly see how a man has any advantage over a woman, in making up his mind, or how his so-called independent position as suitor renders him less liable to mistakes in matters of choice. A man's advantage over a

woman, in this respect, is more apparent than real. He often has a larger field to select from, and has the advantage of asking the decisive question, but she has, on her side, a far greater knowledge and a keener insight into matters of the heart, and she has a thousand weapons at her command, of whose knowledge the average marrying man is quite ignorant. Then he has to make war upon her grounds, where she has every advantage of position, and, with a mother deep in the art of match-making, an old maid aunt, and perhaps a married sister who knows the ropes, she has often the game in her own hands long before the innocent youth has the least idea of proposing. No, I don't think it would be safe to have women more independent in matters of this kind, than they now are."

"I don't ask that they should have more privileges in this respect, but I take it for granted that, if the sphere of her occupation was so much enlarged that the average women could be made independent of matrimony by her own honest labor, her true character would be better understood by the man, and she would have no occasion to accept any, but one with whom she could feel herself thoroughly adapted. That such a result would be highly desirable, I am free to admit, but as we have already in our midst a considerable body of female workers who, in a worldly and social sense, are as independent as we can ever hope them to be under any future political or social condition, perhaps it would be well to study this class and see if they are any the less eager to marry, or in their selection of

partners show any better evidence of judgment than the unemployed females. So far as my observation goes, when a woman becomes absorbed in worldly pursuits, she is affected very much as a man is ; the stronger her interest becomes in politics, business or literature, the less interest she feels in domestic matters.

“Look at our public women ! Do they, as a class, make happy wives ? And in this day of sexual equality, are women more virtuous than in the olden time, and are divorces less rare ? Is the knowledge that she can, at any time, leave husband and children, and dabble with man in all his corrupt and demoralizing occupations, and yet keep a social standing equal with his, likely to make her more forbearing and amiable than she now is ? Is not this growing taste for masculine habits and occupations gradually lowering her influence, and are not our young men, as a class, less eager to marry than in former years ? Do we find in our cities the most intelligent men at the clubs and billiard saloons ; and at our parties and balls, young men distinguished more for dancing than manly qualities ? Is it not true that, in our large cities, it is a common practice for young ladies to invite gentlemen to places of amusement, furnishing them with a carriage, and providing the tickets ? Do not many of the men who accept these favors go the rounds of parties and suppers for the whole season, without other expense to themselves than the cost of gloves and neck-ties, and would this have been tolerated, or, at least, could such men have kept their standing in society twenty years ago ? At one time it required money

to go in society. A young man now pays his entrance money at the opera, and goes at once to the private box of some lady friend. 'Pater familias' buys tickets for the charity ball, and the proper young man is hunted up as an escort for Miss Ida. He receives his ticket, and in due time a carriage calls at his residence. I don't know that the poor fellow can help all this ; his salary is small, and he can't afford to join a club, and he has too much principle to be very bad, and not enough of religion to join a church ; he is good-looking, and his manners are polite, and so he works his way into society, and enjoys all its pleasures, and with a few dollars now and then invested in flowers and candies can move in fashionable and wealthy society, and keep the reputation of being a good and even liberal fellow at a total cost for the season, of a sum about equal to the price of a first-class Paris bonnet.

"I don't know that this condition of affairs can be changed to any extent, by enlarging woman's society privileges. As I have already shown, she can invite her gentlemen friends, and pay their expenses to public entertainments, and society is not shocked, as it would have been years ago. Of course this is all done in a very delicate way, and as a general thing the young man is probably well known to the family,—but are such things to be encouraged as a step in the direction of perfect social equality among the sexes ?

"I suppose, if we favor the reform movement, we must say 'yes.' If the young lady is rich, and the man poor, why should she not spend her money, and that too

for his pleasure, as well as her own? She has a right to spend her money in her own way as an independent American citizen. But is not the effect demoralizing upon the young man? Is it safe for him to associate with young ladies who spend more each year on their clothes, than the whole amount of his salary in the bank? Does he not acquire extravagant ideas in regard to married life, and give up in despair the idea of marriage, except for money, and spend, perhaps, the rest of his years and means in the vain effort to marry a fortune? Now it does seem to me that all this is brought about in a large measure—not by a lack, but by an excess, of social independence among our women.”

“Well, Uncle, the class to which you allude is a small part of the community, and I still think that the right to vote will greatly raise her sphere, and largely increase the dignity of female employment.”

“I can’t see how it will, to the extent you expect. The number of offices that would be thrown open to them, in addition to those that they already occupy, would be quite limited in number. We should simply have an army of female office seekers, and if any one thinks that such an army in our midst will in any way raise the social standard of the community, I wish they would take the trouble to visit the Custom House in New York, a few days or weeks after the appointment of a new collector, and notice the long row of anxious-looking men who stand for hours outside of the collector’s office, waiting patiently for days, and even weeks,

for a chance to obtain an interview and present their papers, which, after all, are nothing but endorsements of character signed by prominent politicians, who make it a rule to sign all papers of this kind placed before them, with little personal interest, and often no acquaintance with the applicants. For the hundred or two offices at the disposal of the collector, I am told the applications sometimes reach as high as six or eight thousand. I think we should simply have to double our voting districts, appoint new inspectors, increase the police, and return a total vote of some 30 per cent of our population, instead of some 15 or 20 per cent as now. After the novelty of the thing had worn off, most American ladies would remain at home, as do now many of our men who are not interested in politics. The Irish servant girls would vote in a body with the Catholic priests, who, as a body, are opposed to education and internal improvements, and a large number of unprincipled females would cast their vote with the party who could handle the most money. At present, so far as I can judge by personal observation, a woman who works for a living is not only greatly respected, but is received into the same society with the rest of her family. Literary women and artists move in the same kind of society as their male competitors, and the same is true of teachers. Young ladies who become clerks in stores, or operatives in factories, still keep their same social circle. If you complain that they are not received in fashionable society, I reply that they probably never were. If you say they went into good society before they were

forced to earn their bread, but now find themselves excluded, I can only say, that I don't believe it was good society, for good society never expelled its members because they had become unfortunate.

"The number of women, married and single, who depend directly upon man for support, is, in America, very large. It is safe to say that in numbers they comprise the large majority, and in wealth and position control society ; as a class, they do not feel dependent ; they perform their home duties to the satisfaction of their husbands and fathers. The average American woman is not unhappy because she has some man to work for her, nor is the feeling to him at all unpleasant, that at home is a wife and children, for whose happiness he is directly responsible. Now it looks to me, that if you raise up in society a considerable body of women who affect to despise those who are willing to be dependent, the breach between honest female labor and social independence and wealth will be widened, and that the wealthy married and unmarried females will in the end triumph over their less fortunate sisters."

"And yet I understand, Uncle, that you are ready to favor woman's suffrage if you are convinced that the majority of them wish it."

"Yes, and I don't see how I can very well help myself. If the women are really in earnest, and the majority of them demand the right as American citizens, I don't see how the present voters can refuse with any show of justice. But I can't help thinking that the movement is uncalled for, and that it will in some way lower woman's present

influence, by making her more masculine. Then, again, the leaders in this movement, with some few exceptions, are not women who have endeared themselves to the public at large, nor have they displayed any remarkable executive talent. On the contrary, most disinterested people who have attended these meetings, have been surprised to find an entire lack of harmony among their members, and a decided leaning toward license, rather than reform ; a disposition to make light of the marriage ceremony, and in some instances, an open and unrebuked advocacy of the so-called free love principles. It is all very well to say that the Woodhull's and Claflin's do not represent the great body of the American women ; no one for a moment thinks that they do. But yet it is equally true that the men who control our political and railroad rings, and our Wall street corners, do not represent the high-toned American men, nevertheless they control our money market, and often have supreme power in politics. Is it not true that the bad, selfish men have, as a class, ruled the world, and that goodness is modest and retiring, while wickedness bold and aggressive?

“Will the good women of America, when they enter the field of politics, have better success with the evil classes of their sex, than the men are now having with their corrupt rulers in office? Has not the present agitation of this subject already brought to the surface a large number of women, who for wickedness and utter disregard of morality, are in every way as bad as our worst men? May it not be likely that the present


acknowledged superiority of women over men, in matters of morality, is largely due to the fact that many of our worst men are often before the public, while our wicked women are shunned, and kept as much as possible from the public notice? Will not this latter class be the first and most eager to accept the new order of things, while our influential and Christian women will be satisfied to remain as now, the undisputed leaders in social and domestic circles, and the controlling power in our churches? For my part, I hope that our women will give this matter serious thought, and not be led away by a few masculine females, and an equal number of effeminate, notoriety-seeking men."

In the foregoing pages, the subject of this memoir has plainly put his own opinions in the mouth of "Uncle Ben."

He now speaks in the first person concerning a subject which evidently interested him no less than the matter of "Woman's Rights," and, although we believe that his experience is in some degree exceptional, yet there is no doubt more truth in these representations than many Christian people are willing to admit.

NEW YORK, May 5th, 1872.

I joined the "Church of the Disciples" today, and went with mother to the communion table. It has been a matter of great surprise to me, to find how little



encouragement a young man in New York, who happens to be a stranger in a church, receives from the members, or even the pastor. Unless he has money enough to hire a pew, he will, most likely, be snubbed by every one. If he takes a lady with him to church, and she is well dressed, he is quite likely to find himself in a good seat. But suppose he belongs to that great class of young men who are numbered in all great cities by thousands, I mean the clerks, most of them from the country, young men who live in cheap boarding-houses, and who have no money for pew taxes. Suppose a young man of this class, with a good education, of a good New England family, but without a single social acquaintance, except among his fellow clerks, or perhaps with a few boarding-house friends, makes up his mind to withstand the thousand and one temptations of city life, and, with this end in view, starts out on a Sunday morning to get a little strength and encouragement by listening to the Word of God. He is very likely to hear a most eloquent sermon, and very likely it may be addressed to young men, for our New York divines are very fond of enlarging on this subject; partly, I suppose, because it calls out a large number of young ladies, and partly, too, because it is an easy subject to handle. At last the young man, after listening to many earnest and strong appeals to forsake the ways of the world, and join himself to the army of Christ, concludes to join the church.

Now, strange as it may appear, it is at this very point that his troubles commence. He is aware that

vast sums of money are each year given to foreign missions; that thousands of dollars are often paid, and sometimes the lives of worthy men are given, that black men in Africa, and yellow men in Asia, may accept the Word of God. Therefore he thinks he has but to attend one of the customary meetings held at stated times in all well-regulated churches, and simply announce the fact that he is anxious to lead a new life, and everything will then be made easy for him. He thinks it very likely that Deacon so and so will give him a cordial grasp of the hand, and is confident that the clergyman, at least, will be glad to welcome him.

But does he find it so? Not at all. If he happens to be properly introduced by an influential member, he will be taken care of. But I am not writing of young men with strong friends, or young men with money, but of young men who live in boarding-houses. And I have no hesitation in saying that such men will receive no notice or attention whatever in a fashionable church.

There is a young man in our house, who, two years ago, became interested in the preaching of a prominent clergyman of the city. One evening this good man called upon all who were willing to accept Christ, to meet him at a certain time; as usual, the young men were especially appealed to, and my friend went and handed in his name, and was soon after taken into the church with the others of the class. The poor fellow went to this church for two years. He was a poor young man, without money or influence, and therefore, in all

this time, he did not receive the least attention, either from the pastor or any of the church members. He is a young lawyer, and good-looking, yet no one took any interest in him, nor would they, unless he was properly introduced by one of their social set. The young man is now, I am afraid, losing his interest very fast. He has taken to drink lately, and is traveling fast on the wrong road. Now this church on Fifth Avenue gives tens of thousands of dollars to convert the heathen, but can't find time to give a smile or a kind word to one of its own members, simply because he is a stranger. Would it not be well to appoint a committee of three or four to look after such people, or would it not be as well for the pastor to make it a point to call upon or write to all new members, without regard to the amount of their pew tax?


Now take my own experience. Nearly three years ago I made a solemn pledge to try to lead a Christian life. I have endeavored to live up to this resolve, but so far have made rather a poor attempt, but still I have never given up. I made up my mind some time ago, that if joining the church would make me stronger, I would join it. I saw Dr.— soon after I returned from Europe, and gave him my ideas. He said I had better join the next class for confirmation. I told him I would. I was then going into the country for the summer, and I promised to call upon him in the fall. I did so, and left my address. I afterward met him at the close of service, but he could give me no information, and was in such an evident hurry to join some

ladies, that I left him with the idea that he had no regular time for seeing persons on this most important subject, but that I had better appoint a time, if I wished to see him. He had my address, but he has never found time to give me any information as yet.

Now I do not blame Dr. — ; he has a large and fashionable church, which takes all his time, and he was in Europe a good part of the summer ; and living, as I have been, in New York and the country, I have had very few opportunities of attending his church, and my acquaintance with the congregation is also very limited. Yet, when Mr. — went to Brooklyn and attended Dr. —'s church as a total stranger, had his reputation as a man of wealth anything to do with the marked attention he received from the church and pastor? I don't pretend to know.

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CHAPTER VI.

HIS LETTERS.

WE need offer no apology, we are sure, for bringing within the compass of the closing chapter a few of the sprightly and interesting letters which he has left behind him. When we remember that these letters were written for the most part upon a bed of sickness, while the writer was suffering much pain; when we remember that he looked back upon a blighted life, and looked forward to an early death after a few weeks or months more of extreme suffering, we feel assured that the closing chapter will bring to all sorrowful ones more of cheer, and to all friends of Mr. Harward a deeper admiration for his character, than any other in this little memorial.

PORTLAND, March 26, 1873.

MISS —, NEW YORK.

MY DEAR FRIEND SUSIE:—I can hardly thank you enough for your very kind and cheerful letter, which

came to me like a ray of morning sunshine after a night of storm; or to put it in plainer and more homely language, I was suffering severely with pain and the blues, and your strong, healthy, Christian words fairly put me on my feet, at least in a figurative sense, for to be candid, I have not been out of my bed in four weeks, and as a result, I am not very much pressed for time, as you can imagine, nor am I obliged to worry myself about the propriety of investing in a new spring overcoat, or exchanging my last year's hat for one of Amidon's latest. Nor do I find it necessary to go for my meals three times a day, which you see makes a great saving of labor and means, to say nothing of the pleasure and happiness one may enjoy in looking for flies, and counting all that may be seen at any one time upon the wall, or making yourself acquainted with the remarkable collection of brown and green flowers which embellish your wall paper, a flora altogether new and wonderful to behold, and not to be found in the books of the period. All this, and many other things, I might tell you about the advantage of being sick, but I don't think I will, since it would be a dangerous principle for us invalids to advocate; for, suppose we should be able to convince the world of this fact, who would make jelly tarts for us, and see that our bread was properly toasted? There is, however, one disadvantage in being an invalid,—I acknowledge it freely, and perhaps I am the more willing to make this admission, because I know that my letter will betray the truth, which is, that we are apt to become very dull;




and to prove that I am no exception to the rule, I must tell you that I have been trying all the week to discover why you should have beaten Blackman so badly at chess. I received a letter from him the other day, in which he admits himself utterly defeated,—“a regular Bull Run.” The reason only occurred to me last night, when under the influence of morphine. It was the swallow tail coat and white choker that did it! He was very “swell,” traveling on his good looks and all that sort of a thing. Now how could he expect anything but the most ignominious defeat? How can a fellow be himself in a swallow tail coat and a white neck-tie, except at an evening party, when every man, including the waiters, looks just alike, and your mind is absorbed in finding a place where you can put your hands, and where you must not put your feet? But I hope you will beat him again, as I have no doubt you will. If you visit Portland this spring, I trust I shall be in a condition to play many games with you. We have not read Warner’s book yet, but expect to have it in a week or two. Do you take Scribner’s, and are you reading Arthur Bonnicastle? If so, you have read no doubt, in the April number, the conversation between Mr. Bradford and the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw, in regard to church membership. I wish you would let me know what you think of Mr. Bradford’s views. My religious experience has been limited, and I shall value your opinion very much. Do you hear how Mr. Hepworth’s church is getting along? Now I am presuming a good deal in taking it for granted that

you will care to open a correspondence with me. It was very kind of you to write, but don't bother to answer this unless you enjoy writing. I shall, at best, be a very uncertain correspondent. I thank you very much for your expressions of sympathy for my mother and Annie; both of them have courage and good spirits, and join with me in expressions of regard to yourself and sisters. And with a big kiss for the little baby, I am your sincere friend.

PORTLAND, March 31, 1873.

MISS —, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

MY DEAR MISS:—My sister, as you perhaps know, is not at all well this winter. She does not pretend to keep up any correspondence, because she finds it exhausts her very much to write; but her interest to see and hear from her friends is very strong, and she has so many times, lately, expressed the desire and intention of answering your letter, that I told her to-day I would answer it, although I knew very well I should prove, at best, a poor substitute. She has read to me your letter, written, I am sorry to find, as far back as the middle of January. It is really too bad that it should have remained unanswered so long, but to tell you the truth, we have, in our present situation, no appreciation of time or its worth. A week and a month have to us about the same value, shut up, as we have been, in the house all winter. We simply know that the sun rises and sets at regular intervals, and that the days roll



into weeks. Ben Franklin, or some other man, says that time is money. I can only say that if Benjamin was alive and wanted to trade, we could offer him a very good bargain for cash.

Your description of Knoxville interested us very much, because we were at one time assured that it was a most excellent place to pass the winter. But it is, as you say, like all southern towns, lacking in certain essentials that are absolutely required for the comfort and convenience of invalids, especially if they have been accustomed to the thousand and one comforts that go to make up life in a New England home. I have never had much knowledge of, or experience with, southern people, but I have always supposed them to be deficient in that important gift of faculty, which makes a Yankee so ready at all times to adapt himself to circumstances. But this is a stupid subject, so I will switch off on to some other track, and see if I can tell you any news; that's what everybody wants in a letter, you know, and so I will give you the very latest. It is now snowing, and it is the forty-eighth time this winter that we have been thus favored. I should not venture to introduce this somewhat hackneyed topic, if I did not remember the interest with which you used to watch the changes of the weather vane on Mr. Bartlett's barn, last summer, and the accuracy with which you would predict the coming of a nor-easter. It was wonderful, I might say extraordinary, only I should prefer the use of this last expression to convey to you, faintly it is true, my appreciation of the rendering of

the "Blue Juniata" by Mrs. Abbott and yourself. I hope you will keep up your practice this spring, for I have lately come into the possession of a second-hand concertina, and have already played the wind out of two whole notes, but hope to be able, with what is left, to play an allegro movement in a minor key, as an accompaniment to your soprano, should I be fortunate enough to again meet you in Bethel this summer. My mother and sister are about the same as when you were here last, and send lots of love and all that sort of a thing; so do I, and hope when you return to Portland that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you very often. I am, very truly, your friend.

PORTLAND, April 6, 1873.

TO WILLIAM SARTAIN, PARIS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR SARTAIN:—I have been thinking a good deal lately about my European experience, going all over the ground, as it were, and I find myself saying a good many times: "Well, I wonder where Sartain is, and what he is doing about this time." For the fact is, old fellow, although we used to have a kind of a blow-out now and then, and did not agree about the "old masters" and some other things, still I think, considering that I went to Europe in poor health, suffering from what I now know to have been largely a nervous trouble, and without any settled plans for the future, that I did about as well as could have been expected, and you got along with me a good deal better than I

had any right to expect. I make this explanation, because, looking back upon my life then, I can see that I certainly appeared to great disadvantage. But then we did see a good deal to enjoy in our trip through Germany, down to Italy, and in our life at Rome. Great events were going on all around us, both in France and Italy, but we took the matter very coolly, and I imagine, at times, were more interested to know where we could get a good, square meal of victuals, than in the fate of France, or the future destiny of the Pope of Rome.

What are you working from now? I wonder if you go to the Bonnat school? If so, I suppose you still find some of the old pupils at work. Do you remember the Spaniard who became disgusted with painting real flowers, because they wilted, and went out and supplied himself with a bouquet from the millinery shop?—also the red-hot republican, who went off to the war with the “*Garde Mobile*,” and our good-natured English friend?—I can’t think of his name.

I hope this letter will reach you, as I shall send it to your old address. I shall probably remain in Portland for the present. The fact is, I can’t very well help myself, for, during the past year, I have been almost helpless with the spinal disease, although I have been able, until the past six weeks, to walk about my room. I shall enjoy hearing from you very much, and hope you will write me a good, long letter, and give me all the art news, and tell me what you are doing.

I am your sincere friend.

PORTLAND, April 10, 1873.

TO WALTER —, NEW YORK.

DEAR WALTER:—I hasten to answer your letter, or rather I should say your letters, for they all came about the same time, and gave me a good deal of pleasure, for just at present, the ring of the postman at the door is the "big thing" of the day. Your picture is good, that is, it looks like you, only it does not have your "happiest expression," I believe that is the correct thing to say, however, I am very glad to have it, and if I get down town this summer, I will have mine taken, and send one to you. Perhaps I was a little under the weather when I wrote last, and possibly things are not so bad as they appear. You must not suppose, because I can write so calmly on the subject, that I am patient and resigned under suffering. I am not, by any means, I am sorry to say, although I think I am improving a little lately under the soothing influence of a second-hand concertina, which a cousin of mine has been kind enough to loan me. I can already play the "Last Rose of Summer," with one finger, and the neighbors think it is very fine, so do the people in the house; and my aged aunt, who is quite deaf, may possibly invest in an ear-trumpet, so that she can sit in the back parlor and catch the strains that come from my room; she has a very appreciative ear for music, and I shall try for her benefit to introduce a few bass notes with the left hand.

I am afraid, my dear Walter, that you have been hit pretty hard; at least I judge so by the tone of your

letter, although you don't say much about it. I never saw the young lady, as you know, but once, and then only at a glance, but I thought her to be very beautiful; and knowing you to have been intimate with her since last fall, I take it for granted that you are in, pretty deep by this time. Now let me, as an old veteran, tell you one thing, and that is, that the harder you have to work for anything, be it money, fame, or woman, the more you will value and hold to it. . . . There is no excitement under heaven so painful and joyful, or so intense, as winning the love of a beautiful woman. You may have read all this in some book, I think I have, but I am talking to you as your friend, feeling that the present may be the most important period of your whole life. A man is made or unmade by the woman he marries. He enters upon a life that should make of this world a miniature heaven, but it quite as often proves a genuine hell. I am inclined to think that the average single man is as happy as the average married man, because, in the present state of the community, people are obliged to give so much attention to the customs and dress of society, that they neglect or scorn to cultivate the simple and homelike and economical virtues that are absolutely essential to make up a happy married life. Of course, if a man has a mint of money, or has a wife who will be happy and contented to live within her husband's means, why, in that case—but I will cut it. I must remember that your time is money, and that I am tempting you, be-

sides, to make use of certain vulgar expressions much in use among the youth of the period, such as, "Oh, give us a rest!" "Dry up!" or something even stronger and perhaps more profane. You see I have plenty of time just at present, and there is no telling how much paper and ink I might destroy, if I should get fairly started on a subject, so I will close this epistle by saying that I should like very much to have you put about ten minutes' time into that little picture of yours, as I shall probably keep it in my possession, should you send it down to me. I would like to have you put a few high lights in the water of the middle distance, and touch up the rocks in the right hand foreground, or any other modern improvement which your later experience may suggest. Write me all about things generally, and I will talk back to you like a "Dutch Uncle," my venerable years and experience, as you know, giving me great advantage in this respect. My mother and sister are about the same as usual. Please remember me to your aunt and to all inquiring friends.

And believe me, as ever, your friend.

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PORTLAND, May 1, 1873.

TO MISS —.

DEAR SUSIE:—Don't you generally find the first few words of a letter hard to select? Of course, I don't mean business letters, which go right to the point without any fooling round, so to speak, but the kind, for in-

stance, that I am now writing,—one without any objective point, a sort of a rambling, crazy letter, in which you go fumbling round in a kind of a somnambulistic style,—“Somnambulistic style” is the correct expression I think ; at all events it conveys the impression of balancing yourself, one minute, on the top of a ridge-pole, and the next, shinning down the water spout, or making yourself acquainted with the contents of the charcoal barrel.

The fact is, my life at present is without incident ; it is the very opposite of the pleasant, social existence you enjoy in New York. I like to read your letters very much, and I can, in imagination, go with you to a reception, or a party, or even for a quiet walk down the Fifth avenue. But I have nothing of this kind to give in return. Portland has changed very much since you and I lived here. It has lost all its quiet charm as a country town, and in place of it you find all the pretensions and affectations of a metropolis. Just think of the whole “Black Crook” army coming down here and performing on a stage about twenty feet square to admiring crowds night after night. For my part I like the old-fashioned Portland,—the good, old times when everybody looked forward to a band concert as an event of the season, and when such a thing as a reserved seat was unknown. In those days people would go to Robinson’s to eat ice-cream, and on great occasions have a horse and carryall and drive around the upper and lower promenade. We shall never see such times again, I suspect.

I generally do my letter writing on rainy days, but at present the sky is blue and the sun bright, and I find myself moved by an impulse to write to you, owing, I suppose, to the fact that to-day is the 1st of May. Everybody moves or is moved on this day, you know; but this idiotic joke would be thrown away on any one but a New Yorker, for the people down here move when they like and how they like, which is a good thing, because it prevents a corner in the cartage market, and saves a great deal of profanity and unkind feeling; it also gives the country folks an opportunity of observing that old, time-honored custom of gathering upon the green and dancing around the May-pole. But I am sorry to say that the latest returns from the rural districts show, beyond a doubt, that this year the inhabitants do not gather upon the green worth a cent, the principal reason for this being the well-known fact that the "Boston dip" is a hard thing to do on a snow bank.

But this is a subject in which you, of course, feel little interest, and I am surprised that I should have written this letter in such a frivolous and light-headed style. There is really nothing just at present in my surroundings to make me especially hilarious, and after reading your entertaining letter with all the news, and just enough of gossip thrown in to give it a nice, spicy flavor, I feel quite discouraged, and at a loss how to go on with this miserable attempt, especially when I am forced to confess that my paper is very plebian, and that I shall have to fall back upon my yellow en-

velopes. Well, I'm not proud, and if I don't buy my paper at Tiffany's it is because I like to encourage home trade. But you see I am running off again into the frivolous style, which reminds me that many characters are contradictory. Old Burton, for instance, who used to play "Paul Pry" and "Toodles" so well at Winter Garden, was an awful low spirited old fellow at times, and I have been told that circus clowns are a melancholy class, as a rule. I once had an opportunity of going behind the scenes to look at the horses, and I saw the funny clown leaning against a barrel. Wishing to satisfy myself in regard to the truth of this report, I gracefully meandered up into his immediate presence, and in a very kind and amiable tone opened upon him. The return which I received demoralized me so completely, and made me feel so sad, that I was unable to enjoy any of his jokes during the rest of the evening, and I went quietly home, convinced that all was not fun that was funny.

But I have nearly filled up my paper, and so must come to a close. I hope you will write me a long letter in return, and perhaps you will take pity on me and give me some serious subjects to write about in my next. You know you have promised to give me your views about that conversation in "Arthur Bonnicastle."

I am your sincere friend.

We might quote from many more of his letters, some grave, some gay, but yet, after a note so full

of cheer and hope, so like himself, as the above, we should be at a loss to find any place more appropriate in which to write—

THE END.









